



# The Nation

VOL. XIV., No. 2.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1913.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K., 4d. Abroad, 1d.]

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## Events of the Week.

Two Ministerial speeches have been delivered during the week which directly touch Lord Loreburn's movement towards an Irish settlement by consent. They do not greatly differ in substance, but Mr. Churchill's was the more conciliatory, and therefore, we think, the more statesmanlike, and its tone is nearer, we should say, to the real mood of the governing minds in Liberalism. Both laid stress on the complete power and authority to pass the Home Rule Bill which the Government possesses, and both suggested that if the Opposition desired concessions, they could come by way of the "suggestions" stage of that Bill. Beyond this, however, Mr. McKenna would promise nothing. A conference, he said, could mean nothing but procrastination when one of the parties merely opposed a flat negative to the other. The Liberal Party had convictions, and the courage of these convictions. One of them was that the will of the majority, lawfully expressed, must prevail, and that they would not submit either to minority rule or to anarchy.

MUCH of this was common ground for the two speeches, but Mr. Churchill, at Dundee, gave the proper emphasis to the advance which has at last been made by the Ulster extremists—more particularly by Mr. F. E. Smith. He argued admirably with them, assuring them

that as a General Election would probably take place before the Home Rule Bill became fully operative, the Opposition might return to power, and then repeal the measure, and warning Toryism against the backwash of the doctrine of violence and their monstrous attempts to drag the King into their quarrel. The Home Rule Bill, he added, held the field, and the Government fully intended to create and set up an Irish Parliament and Executive subordinate to the Imperial body. But the measure was "not unalterable," provided the parties could arrive at an agreement, and could secure by it good-will and a confirmed settlement.

MR. CHURCHILL used a number of phrases which have pleased the Opposition Press by their good feeling and their tolerant, though firm, spirit. There would, he said, be no advance which Ulster could make that would not be "matched, and more than matched," by their Irish fellow-countrymen and by the Liberal Party. "One party alone could carry Home Rule, but it would take more than one party to make it a lasting success. Peace was better than triumph, provided it was peace with honor." He also asked a pertinent question of the champions of Ulster. Did they claim to remain under the British Parliament "for a time," or did they mean to bar the way to Home Rule for the rest of Ireland?

ON Thursday, at Lochee, Mr. Churchill amplified his earlier speech, and dealt brilliantly with the weakness of the Tory position, which called for continual conferences and elections on Home Rule, and offered no finality in the way of an acceptance of the national will, again and again expressed. Another election on Home Rule would be futile. Even if a sort of anti-Home Rule verdict were snatched, four-fifths of the Irish nation would never be dragged on by a party of violence and sedition. Threats of such action would not have been used had the Tories any confidence that the electorate would be with them. The Government would go to the country in 1915 with an Irish settlement "in completed form," but "no fair proposition" would be barred out. Repeating his Dundee speech of last year, he again pointed to a federal system for the home counties, as the "forerunner and nucleus" of a general scheme of Imperial federation.

It seems to us that this general phrasing carries the attitude of conciliation as far as at this moment it can go, and no further. The door is open, and not too wide open. Nothing in Mr. Churchill's speech precludes a conference, the ultimate chances of which are as good as when we wrote last week. But it is clear that no such machinery can be used either to break the Liberal-Irish alliance, or to upset the whole structure of the Home Rule Bill, or to defeat the operation of the Parliament Act. If the conference sits and comes to an agreement, it would naturally be embodied in the Home Rule Bill, which would then become law by consent. As to the possible forms of compromise, they are (a) that the whole of Ulster should have the option either to vote for or against coming into the Act immediately or for going out of it after an unfavorable experience of Home Rule;

(b) that the four Protestant counties should have this option; (c) that there should be a wide scheme of autonomy for Ulster within the Home Rule Act. This last proposition is obviously that which the Liberal Party would prefer, and is much the most, if not the only, practical solution. Is it not that which Ulster herself would accept as soon as she yields some kind of assent to the general principles of self-government? The "Times" of Friday morning says "No" to this proposition, but hardly in the *non possumus* note.

It is a year this week since war in the Balkans was begun by the action of Montenegro. That an alliance including such bitterly hostile elements as Greeks and Bulgarians should ever have been formed is much stranger than that it should now be dissolved. But the results of the dissolution have been more terrible even than the original war in which, by amazing efforts, the small State of Bulgaria beat the old conqueror of the Peninsula to his knees. Nor do we yet see the end of last July's disastrous renewal of strife. Through her new plenipotentiary, Hrant Bey, Turkey continues to demand from Greece the restoration of the *Ægean* Islands, especially Chios and Mytilene, and it is not impossible that the rejuvenated Committee of Union and Progress, urged on by the military party, may attempt to enforce the demand. In that case, it is believed that a secret clause in the new treaty with Bulgaria will allow Turkey to march troops through Bulgarian Thrace and attack the Greek frontier between Kavalla and Drama. The Powers, in whose hands the destiny of the Islands was placed by the Treaty of London, have not, so far, publicly expressed any opinion upon the matter, and again they appear to be maintaining a Concert of inactivity, while their decrees are defied.

THERE is hitherto no further definite news in regard to the rising in the Albanian districts recently annexed by Servia and Montenegro. Servian troops are reported passing through Salonica for Monastir, though it is doubtful whence they come, and Montenegro is said to have mobilised part of her uncertain army again. In any case, the immediate military task of crushing the revolt and accomplishing the customary massacres should not be a difficult one for a Servian regular army experienced in such warfare; and, indeed, it is rumored that the task is already finished, and that Isa Boletín, the Albanian leader of the Kossovo district, is captured, and will be tried for high treason—a swift and simple trial, we should suppose. From the Albanian town of Koritza come reports that the Greek-speaking section of the population are being armed to resist incorporation in Albania according to the frontier drawn by the Powers. In estimating the value of such a demonstration, we must remember that a large garrison of the Greek regular army is still located there. But we must also remember that to the Powers belongs the duty of driving the Greek garrison out, in the last resort, and the question is, Who will move?

AFTER a long and patient inquiry into the Dublin labor dispute, Sir George Askwith issued last Monday a Report, presenting a judgment upon the facts of the dispute and a scheme of settlement. The Commission strongly condemned the principles and practice of a sympathetic strike as a foolish and injurious extension of an area of conflict to quarters where men had no complaint to make against their own conditions of employment—a judgment which had already been pronounced by nearly all the accredited labor leaders in this country, including Mr. Gosling of the English Transport Workers'

Association. Sir George then proceeded to a most damning criticism of the document requiring the renunciation of trade union membership, which the Dublin employers had sought to force upon their employees, a document which he described as "contrary to individual liberty, and which no workman or body of workmen could reasonably be expected to accept." Such action of the employers was "likely to cause a maximum of ill-will."

THE scheme of settlement proposed the appointment of Conciliation Committees to deal with all questions of labor conditions other than those of management and discipline, representatives of the employers and employed in equal numbers being elected to serve under a Chairman, chosen, if possible by agreement, from a panel appointed by the Board of Trade. All disputes which could not be settled by negotiation between the men affected and the foremen, or subsequently by a meeting between the men's representatives and the management, should come before this Committee. Should the Chairman fail to secure an agreement, he may himself recommend terms of settlement, or, if the two parties agree to be bound by his decision, he may give a judgment upon the points at issue. Pending these proceedings, there should be no strike or lock-out, and no assistance is to be given to those striking or locking-out in contravention of this rule. The Report does not favor pecuniary guarantees for the carrying out of agreements, preferring to trust their executive to the honor and the mutual interests of the parties concerned, and believing that in the great majority of instances these will prove adequate.

THE Report was accepted by the men's leaders as a basis for negotiation; but the employers refused to discuss it, considering that "it offers no effectual solution of the existing troubles." "The employers," said Mr. Healey, "are much more concerned to put an end to existing difficulties than to consider problems relating to future unrest." This obduracy has consistently marked their attitude throughout the episode. They openly count upon the poverty and misery of their sweated workers to give way *in extremis* before the power of the longer purse. How can grown men, whose wages are in some instances 12s. for a full week's work, and girls earning 4s., hold out against their masters? So Mr. Murphy and his friends repudiate Sir George Askwith, and press for unconditional surrender, involving the abandonment of collective bargaining and a return to the happy state before "the agitator" came among these contented serfs.

BUT these lords of industry are not to have an easy victory, even though, as seems likely, they resort to the desperate device of introducing shiploads of strike-breakers. For the brutality of their methods is inflaming public opinion in this country. The solidarity of labor has expressed itself in levies of money for the support of the strikers, and several shiploads of food have already been received at the Dublin docks for the starving workers and their families. Meanwhile, it is evident that Mr. Murphy's policy of "thorough" does not command the assent of a large section of employers, who show signs of breaking away. It is right to add that no decent organ of the press in this country defends the attitude of the employers, while the "Times" notably and strongly deprecates it. The whole story stirs some interesting speculations as to the early future of politics in a Dublin Parliament where Messrs. Murphy and Larkin may muster their respective forces.



IN the Tariff Bill which has passed, virtually unaltered, into law, last week, President Wilson has achieved a great personal and party triumph. The new schedules are, upon an average, from 25 to 30 per cent. lower than those of the Payne Tariff. But the full nature of the relief is not contained in averages. The enlarged free list is an immense boon to consumers and to ordinary business men, containing such articles as wheat, cattle, meat, potatoes, wool, metal ores, agricultural machinery, barbed wire, flax, hemp, materials for shipbuilding. Probably the step most advantageous to our trade is the large cuts in woollens and cottons, and in certain other manufactured goods. To the American consumer, the placing of sugar, first on a reduced scale, and then, in 1916, on the free list, is one of the most substantial gains. Mr. Underwood, who ably conducted the measure through Congress, has, however, inserted in the final draft a provision, giving a reduction of 5 per cent. on all goods imported in American vessels, which is likely to cause some trouble if it is maintained. A bit of Protection, intended to encourage the American mercantile marine, it appears to contravene treaty conditions made with various foreign nations, possibly including Germany.

THE election by the Chambers in Pekin of Yuan Shih-Kai as President of the Chinese Republic does not in reality change the situation. Yuan has been Provisional President for a year or more, and the vote simply confirms his former position. The confirmation has happily led to the immediate recognition of the Republic by the Powers. When the first suggestions of constitutional government were made in China a few years ago, people laughed at the idea. Yet the Chinese have always shown remarkable capacity for self-government, especially in local affairs, and in everything but form China has long been a democratic country. Now that they have their chance, that capacity is both their strength and their danger. Their danger, because Russia obviously meditates the same policy towards the young Republic as she has followed towards Persia with such cynical disregard of right. She aims at keeping China weak, and objects to having a Republican or any constitutional form of Government among her neighbors. If only Yuan can rule out foreign intervention, which will certainly try to intrude under one excuse or another, he seems likely to give the country stability.

THE weary quarrel between the Guelphs of Brunswick and Hanover on the one side and the Prussian monarchy on the other has unexpectedly been revived. It has dragged on since the occupation of Hanover by Prussian troops during the war of 1866, but all rational people thought it was ended last May by the marriage of Prince Ernest of Cumberland (son of the Guelph Duke of Cumberland, claimant to the Duchy of Brunswick and the kingdom of Hanover) with the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia. Before the marriage, Prince Ernest wrote to the Imperial Chancellor that if the former decision of the Federal Council were repealed, his father, the Duke of Cumberland, would hand over to him his rights to the Duchy of Brunswick, and it seems to have been assumed that this letter was intended to convey a renunciation of the claim to Hanover.

SINCE the marriage, the Guelph party have strongly repudiated this idea, and a Frankfort paper, in the Guelph interest, has published a story that when renunciation

was proposed at the time of the betrothal in Karlsruhe, Prince Ernest cried, "For me and my house honor comes first, love second," and flounced out of the room. Nevertheless, the betrothal and marriage followed in due course, though the question was not cleared up. A semi-official statement from Potsdam now explains that, in Prince Ernest's opinion, the terms of his letter were so clear that no one could distort them. Unhappily, that explanation does not explain. But the queerest thing of all is that such a body as the Guelph party should trouble to exist.

DURING the week M. Poincaré, as President of the French Republic, has formally returned the visit of King Alfonso to Paris last spring. At Madrid and Toledo he was entertained with the usual banquets, reviews, and sight-seeing to which the Heads of States are compelled to submit on these occasions. As to the inner intention of the visit, it was observed that the President was accompanied by M. Pichon, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs; also that in a recent speech at San Sebastian, M. Barthou, the French Prime Minister, exclaimed, "Spain and France are already *rapprochés*; we ought to be *unis*!" In the toast at the Madrid banquet, King Alfonso mentioned the common task of the two countries in "extending civilization beyond the Straits," from which we may safely infer that new steps in the division and exploitation of Morocco are being arranged. Other references to increased intimacy and friendship may possibly point to some mitigation of the very hostile tariff now prevailing on both sides of the Pyrenees frontier; though this would be a difficult business while the French vintners object to Spanish wines, and Catalonian manufacturers object to French goods.

THE first step in a policy that may deeply affect trade unionism was taken by the Miners' Conference at Scarborough on Thursday. In a resolution proposed by Mr. Frank Hodges, and passed with only a single dissentient, the miners' organization instructed its council "to approach the executive committee of other big trade unions, with the view to co-operative action in support of each other's demands." This decision is a victory for "the forward movement," and may be taken as a reply to the threat of the Employers' Defence Union to consolidate capital against labor. That there is dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs is also shown by the voting in the ballot taken under the Trade Union Act for the establishment of a political fund. Out of 850,000 ballot papers issued to the miners, only 476,666 were returned to the scrutineers, and of these no fewer than 194,800 were opposed to the fund. How far this points to a growth of syndicalism is doubtful, but the figures are certainly significant in the case of a body of workmen with so marked a leaning towards political action as the miners have hitherto shown.

THE Home Secretary has announced that he will resume forcible feeding in the case of two prisoners charged with arson. These women are still under trial, and the announcement of how they will be treated if they are found guilty strikes us as not a little previous. In any case, we certainly imagined that forcible feeding was to be abandoned. How will its resumption help matters? The women will go on till they have reached exhaustion, and will then go out, free, if they like, to commit arson again. And if forcible feeding be torture, under what warrant is it reintroduced?

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE OPENING OF THE LAND CAMPAIGN.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE will have the undivided sympathy of the Liberal and Labor Parties, and of a not inconspicuous following outside them, in the general scheme of land reform which he will expound to-day at Bedford. He appears, it is unnecessary to say, not as the banner-bearer of Radical pioneers, but as the fully accredited envoy of the Cabinet. His utterance is the fruit of more than a year's hard personal labor, supported by a serious and organized investigation of every economic and social aspect of the question, with skilled assistance in the shape of detailed local inquiries. No one can question Mr. George's sincerity, his passionate interest in the fortunes of the class from which he sprang, or his competence to survey the land question from the point of view which first attracts the reformer, the well-being of the cultivators. It is the people of Britain who have ultimately the right to say what shall happen to its land; and perhaps no statesman since Cobbett has gained the general ear so well as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or better interprets those intuitions towards a fuller life which are felt in the general mind and thought. Mr. George's subject is of capital importance. How can a nation flourish when its first industry is a failure? Our agriculture is just now buoyed up with a slight inflation of its average lot. Prices are high, and even the half-culture of our arable and pastoral fields yields a fair return to the farmer. But how does the general account stand? The actual holder of land is neither secure in his tenure, nor unhampered in his cultivation.

But who are the holders, and how fares it with the mass of the agricultural population? Ill enough, if we take the test of numbers and of the provision of adequate food and tolerable housing, and of the hardly less necessary element of an independent existence. Germany, which, like us, is a great manufacturing country, contrives to maintain thirteen persons to every 100 acres of its cultivated area. France supports ten. The United Kingdom sustains less than five. Even this quota is sinking. One in fifty of the agricultural population left the country last year; in some villages more than half the able-bodied men are gone, and we tend to reproduce the worst social feature of rural Ireland, the desertion of the fields by the younger men. No competent observer disputes the economic results of this waste, and of the almost complete detachment of the highly skilled labor which keeps our soil in tilth either from ownership or from occupancy. "Thousands of acres of village grassland," says Mr. Rowland Prothero, the Duke of Bedford's agent, "are comparatively wasted, under-farmed, and under-manned. Countries whose climate is severer than our own, and in which poorer soils are cultivated, produce far more from the land than ourselves." Supposing that this "under-manning" of the first and best of national trades could be stayed, we might fairly well aim at raising the annual home yield of food from £200,000,000 to £400,000,000. But while the food-producers decline in numbers, the caterers

for the mere luxury of sport increase. If there are fewer farmers and laborers in Britain, there are more game-keepers. Wages have indeed slightly risen, but not so as to countervail the increased cost of living, and even the money standard remains extremely low. More than half the regular adult agricultural laborers in England and Wales earn less than eighteen shillings a week, including all their perquisites. Bad housing, and not enough of it, inferior food and not enough of it, are what their wages buy; and no one pretends that so long as the laborer lacks land or an alternative employment, either trade unionism or the natural working of economic forces as they are disposed in the purely agricultural areas is likely to increase them. As for housing, both private and municipal enterprise has admittedly failed. If the country wills it that no other agency shall step in, tuberculosis will go on taking its present toll of the country population, and immorality and incest will infect the tiny, pleasant-seeming homes, whose old walls and leaking roofs pen in the children of the rural poor.

The reforms needed to cure rural poverty and stagnation are in their main outline simple enough. Their basis, as it seems to us, is the restoration of freedom to the countryside. No workman is free so long as both his wages and his house-room depend on his employer, and loss of work entails eviction from his cottage. And wages in their turn cannot rise in places where agriculture is the only local industry and the only land available is reserved for the farmer and the landlord. Therefore the largest scheme of housing must fail unless the State can purchase land enough at reasonable prices to surround the new class of working tenants with adequate gardens and plots. We hope, therefore, that the Government will rise to the occasion with a large central plan of housing such as the Board of Agriculture is said to contemplate. That this process will, in the long run, stimulate wages and obviate the necessity of "charity rents" we have little doubt; but it is clear that there are large pockets of depression in rural Britain where machinery will be needed to raise sunken wage-levels to higher standards. In districts where a minimum wage is set up, it would be fair enough to ask the under-rented farmer to bear the burden. But where the farmer's rent is adequate or even excessive, part at least of the process of building up an efficient laboring class ought to be at the landlord's charge. For this reason, if for no other, the farmer should have the right to appeal to a tribunal for the revision of rents. He has this right in Scotland, and it has done agriculture nothing but good. Given fair rent and security of tenure, the problems of free culture and relief from the game nuisance may probably be trusted to solve themselves. But the question as a whole is that of a great measure of new life and hope for the countryside. The method must be State intervention, so devised as to secure, not merely a rise of wages, but a change of social condition. The old tripartite division of landlord, farmer, and laborer has failed, and it must go. The new rural society must grow out of a policy of land restoration; and while that is being achieved, we must also provide for the intellectual and economic equipment of the new holders of British land. As the allied problems of co-operation, transport,



education, are dealt with, we may look to a younger race of farmers, emerging from farm schools and agricultural colleges with something like a real mastery of their business. And no one is better equipped than Mr. Lloyd George, with his courage and his gift of imagination, to set up this new agricultural model, and to fashion it on lines of democracy.

#### FREER TRADE IN AMERICA.

THE policy of high Protection, by which for half a century certain special business interests in the United States have plundered the people for their private profit, has at last been reversed. The new Tariff, which last week received the signature of the President, is not, indeed, Free Trade. But it is a large step towards Free Trade, reducing the duties under the Payne Tariff by something between 25 and 30 per cent., and presenting an average duty of 25 per cent., as compared with 40 per cent. before. A large number of foodstuffs, raw materials, and certain forms of machinery are placed upon the free list, while great reductions are effected in important manufactured articles of common use, such as cotton and woollen goods, china, paper, glass, and chemicals.

In framing the measure President Wilson had in view two chief and related objects—first, to lower the prices of foods and other articles of prime necessity in the consumption of the people; secondly, to strike a blow at the trusts and combinations which have grown up and thriven under the fostering influence of tariff aids. "We mean," announced the President in opening the Session, "that our tariff legislation henceforth shall have as its object not private profit, but the general public development and benefit. We shall make our fiscal laws, not like those who dole out favors, but like those who serve a nation." Such brave words, indeed, have not been uncommon in the speeches of American statesmen. But rarely have they been made good so quickly and so substantially. Listeners to the campaign promises of the Democratic Party could not but remember the similar pledges of twenty years ago, and what became of them. But Dr. Wilson's lot has been cast in more favorable times than Mr. Cleveland's. Protection in America had ripened to rottenness. None but its direct beneficiaries could conceal their disgust at its corruptness. Moreover, the unexampled advance of prices was everywhere rousing alarm and exasperation. Tariff and trusts shared the opprobrium, and the stubborn refusal of the Taft Administration to shake off the domination of the big business interests gave the Democrats their chance. By a singular good fortune an honest, able leader who meant business was available. This is Dr. Wilson's tariff in no conventional sense. He called the Special Session, himself framed the Bill, co-operated directly with the legislators of his party in the House and Senate, routed and exposed the audacity of the lobbyists who sought even this year to renew their customary attacks upon the virtue of Congress, and carried the measure to a triumphant issue without mutilation or considerable concession. It has raised him at a single stage from the man of promise to the man of

achievement. Prestige means so much in America that it is safe to say that the President's power for the next three years is double what it was when he entered office. But though Dr. Wilson is no rash politician, likely to imperil his position by some unpopular speech or ill-considered action, such a power must always be precarious. He has "made good," but will events make good? Though it may confidently be expected that some sensible effect will issue from the tariff in modifying the tendency to rising prices, it is by no means certain that this effect can in itself sufficiently offset the other powerful tendencies making the world over for high prices.

Again, America for several years has been passing through a period of great general prosperity in manufacture and commerce. In the nature of things, that cannot last indefinitely. The opportunist logic of *post hoc propter hoc* is of universal vogue in the United States. If prices of commodities should still continue to rise, or if trade should sustain some early reverse, the Tariff and Dr. Wilson's Administration would be bound to suffer in popular esteem. Everything, therefore, hinges upon the efficacy of the further constructive measures of the Administration, the currency proposals which are to form the next great legislative plank, and the policy for crushing more effectively the overweening power of business trusts and combinations. The currency measure is likely to prove the real test alike of Dr. Wilson's statecraft and his driving power, for recent disclosures have shown that the concentrated money power has for some time past been the controlling force, both in American business and in politics. If Dr. Wilson can really place the credit system of the nation upon a basis either of public control or of free enterprise, he will assuredly have proved himself the strongest man in America.

Meanwhile, we are entitled to congratulate not only the United States but ourselves and the business world of nations upon the larger measure of liberty accorded to commerce by the new Tariff. For though to the Protectionist one nation's gain always seems another's loss, and our self-gratulation will appear testimony to America's folly, Free Traders are happier in their conviction that the commercial advantages which may accrue to the trade of Lancashire, the West Riding, and Birmingham by the easier entrance of their goods into America will bring commensurate gains to the people and the industry of the United States. Canada, of course, will benefit more largely than any other foreign country. For buying, as she does and must, from the United States an ever-increasing share of her external supplies, she will now be enabled to make easier payment for them in her own raw products. Rigorous Protectionists in Canada are doubtless congratulating themselves upon the recent rejection of "reciprocity." For in their interpretation of the meaning of commerce they are getting out of the Americans most of what they want, without giving anything in return. But this false and shallow theory is bound to give way under the practical pressure of that opportunism which reigns more despotically in Canada than in any other country. Already it is credibly

reported that Sir Wilfrid Laurier intends, at an early date, to test the feeling of the country by a resolution favoring the abolition of all food-taxes, accompanied by an increase of Imperial preference. Indeed, if, as is natural, the lowering of the American Tariff enhances the flow of Canadian produce into American markets, it will be impossible to deny Canadian consumers the necessary measure of relief against the further enhancement of home prices which must ensue. The good example of the United States is thus bound to infect her sensitive neighbor, as her bad example has done in the past.

#### THE BREAK-UP OF THE RADICAL PARTY.

MR. THOROLD'S life of Labouchere\* is interesting to politicians if only for the frank, if not quite complete, account it supplies of the last effort of an English politician to maintain a distinct Radical Party, and to give it the commanding place in Liberalism. Labouchere was a life-long critic of the absurdity of things, and, in the light of later relationships, nothing can have seemed more ridiculous to him than the thought that the man on whom he pressed this task was—Joseph Chamberlain. The story of it is contained in the one original part of the book, its summary of the correspondence between Labouchere and Chamberlain in regard to the first Home Rule Bill. There were other parties to it. Mr. Healy, Lord Randolph Churchill (whom no one seemed to trust), and, behind the scenes, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, as his father's agent and representative, were also concerned. "Labby" genially hawked all the secrets round, but used his knowledge fairly to bring about a settlement. In 1885, when this correspondence begins, Chamberlain was at the height of his power. His position somewhat resembled that of Mr. Lloyd George in 1910, with special advantages of his own. He had almost displaced Gladstone as the popular idol; he had saved a General Election for Liberalism; he had a sufficient private fortune; at the opening of the year, at least, he had in Dilke and Morley the makings of a Radical Triumvirate, and he had inflicted severe blows on the openly hostile Goschen-Hartington faction, already looking nervously to Gladstone to keep the nominal party compact in being, and save the Whigs from extinction.

Then came the shock of Irish dominance in the new Parliament. Both Parnell and Gladstone grasped the situation at once, and prepared to meet it, Parnell, with a cool resolve to press the full Irish political demand on the British parties, Gladstone willing to accept it, and to convert his party to Home Rule. Chamberlain felt himself at once checked and embarrassed. His letters to Labouchere do great credit to his honesty, and little to his intelligence. Events had marched past him, and he saw everything through the medium of his thwarted plans. He thought that the Tories would only come back with 200 votes, and though the balance was controlled by Parnell, he vaguely hoped that Lord Salisbury would stay in, and the Irish hold their hands. Labouchere reminded him that he could not

expect parties to act as he wished, and Gladstone's impetuosity in pressing the Irish issue distracted, and finally overwhelmed, his judgment. He was not discreetly handled. Knowledge as to the Bill was kept from him which was open to a dozen journalists (myself included). But his criticism had fined down support of the second reading to a mere acceptance of the principle of Home Rule, which he expressly endorsed. The Bill was to be remodelled in the autumn, and as Gladstone finally agreed to regard the exclusion of the Irish members as a "mere detail," it is hard to see why so little was done to secure the great prize of Chamberlain's acquiescence. Labouchere thought that Chamberlain had won; but his mind was completely unsettled. He was for Home Rule and against it. He proposed a very large scheme and a very small one. Between December 26th, 1885, and January 3rd, 1886, he had drawn up for Labouchere's eye a scheme of Local Government and a plan of semi-separation with a British suzerainty of Ireland as a "protected State." He leaned to federalism. He thought "the worst of all plans" would be to keep the Irish at Westminster, while giving them a Parliament in Dublin, and he fought and destroyed the Bill on the ground that it excluded them.

Through this maze Labouchere labored to guide his uncertain and intractable chief. He had neither illusions nor enthusiasms on Home Rule, which he accepted with his accustomed good sense, as a proper development of Radical ideas of government. His eye was on the future of British Liberalism. He thought Gladstone's motive was an "almost insane passion" for office, and he vehemently desired to wrap Elisha-Chamberlain in the discarded mantle of the "aged Elijah." Politicians, who discuss principles in public, usually reserve personalities for their private discourse; and "Labby," with his rudely practical view of human nature, was not attracted to Gladstone's idealism, and appealed only to Chamberlain's ambition. He saw that if Chamberlain voted against the Bill the Radicals would be split up, and that that would mean the "destruction of the Radical Party for many a year." "The real enemies of the Radicals," he wrote, "are the Whigs, and they are essentially your enemies." Obviously, "the Radical game" was to make terms with Gladstone, and then, when the Irish storm cleared, to go full-steam ahead for a Chamberlain Premiership, based on Radicalism and a social programme. The Whigs would then be "cleared out" of the ship. "If Gladstone is beaten, we could soon upset a Hartington-cum-Conservative Government. We might have grandiose revolutions, giving cows to agriculturists and free breakfast tables to artisans. We should be against Tories, Whigs, and Lords. With you to the front, we should win an election, or, if not at once, later on. There never was such an opportunity to establish a Radical Party and to carry all before it. Is it worth while wrecking this beautiful future for the sake of some minor details about Irish Government?" And again:—"Mr. Gladstone must soon come to an end (he would require 'ten years of probation before meeting his Maker'). You would be our leader. . . .

\* "The Life of Henry Labouchere." By Algar Labouchere Thorold. (Constable. 18s. net.)



Radicalism would be triumphant. Does not this tempt you?"

It did not. Chamberlain's feet were in the Irish bog, and with his fall as a Radical leader Labouchere's clear and sound view of a reorganization of *personnel* and policy in the Liberal Party on lines of Radicalism fell too. He seems to have blamed Gladstone—who could not, he complained, be clear for five minutes in seventy-seven years; but his real cross was Chamberlain's weak recalcitrancy. Since that time there has never been a Radical Party as Radicalism was understood in the 'seventies. Younger men have been quietly sucked into successive Liberal Cabinets, and the separate and formidable counsels which gathered round the Dilke-Chamberlain-Morley group have never been reconstituted. As for Labouchere, always a *frondeur*, he was thrown back on to the game of gossiping intrigue which he loved. A Radical, said Gladstone, was a man "in earnest," and Labouchere was only one of a series of Radical leaders—Wilkes, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Lawson—who conspicuously lacked the outer marks of their calling. Yet he, like them, was serious enough, if only in his passion for unmasking our English fault of serious-pretence. Mr. Thorold truly says that his mind was French and Voltairean, as indeed was his style and even his appearance. Humanity was a great joke to him, and not the least entertaining figure in it was his "revered leader." But he desired an eminently serious thing, which was to see our political society based on common-sense, with rank, wealth, poverty, idleness, and drudgery, all starting the political race at "scratch," and ending it as Heaven willed. He thought deeply on nothing; even at the end of his long experience he fancied that the question of the House of Lords might be settled by a non-hereditary elective House, numbering about three hundred, or half the strength of the House of Commons—as formidable a bar to democracy as Tory statesmanship could well set up. He failed to see that this political equality could only come through large economic changes; and the process of preparing for popular government by raising the standard of life and culture was indifferent to him.

Yet he had a true instinct for pulling down as a preparation for building up. He knew his own class best, and what he knew he despised. To his free, sceptical mind, versed in the ways of European society, England's weakness lay in her public schools, her Universities, her Church, her diplomatic and war services as they exist to-day. He was never allowed to show what power of handling public abuses he possessed. Gladstone, at the Queen's bidding, shut the door of the Cabinet to him; Lord Rosebery refused him the Ministry of Washington. Possibly he lacked constructive ability. Mr. Bennett, his able colleague on "Truth," thought his fault was "incapacity for sustained effort." He was a *flâneur*; an inveterate gossip and tale-teller. But so might have been a score of journalists who, in the more open and congenial French atmosphere, blossomed easily into statesmanship. For a man of genius of his temperament—scoffer and Bohemian—his own country offered only one occupation. A man who speaks

with a smile is always in danger of being misunderstood by men who do not smile at all; and Labouchere, foiled in a really large and promising political design, fell back on a calling which gave him little or no trouble. His pen opened to him a natural and delightful gift, and he could make it such a sharp-pointed weapon of offence to his foes, that he may never have greatly wanted to begin the practical business of turning this Land of Ease into a modern State. But if he never had the chance of trying, no Liberal Prime Minister in his time or after it has set his hand to the plough.

H. W. M.

## A London Diary.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech at Bedford will not, of course, embody a full detailed plan for dealing with the land question. In the nature of things, it must largely consist of a statement of the case for a large inclusive scheme of legislation. On this ground the Chancellor is likely to be explicit enough, and what he says must be taken as a statement of the principles on which the Cabinet are agreed, and on which Bills and programmes will be based. The Chancellor had, of course, the alternative of going out of the Government, as Mr. Chamberlain went out of Mr. Balfour's Administration, and running an unauthorised programme. But this course was not taken, and, as a result, Mr. Lloyd George speaks, not as a free lance, but as the spokesman of the Prime Minister and his colleagues. One is glad to hear that Mr. Runciman will take some of the later meetings. No man has done more to make the Board of Agriculture a power and a boon to the whole agricultural community, as well as the nucleus of a great policy.

THE more detailed statement of remedies will, of course, appear in the report of the Land Inquiry Committee, which will be issued on Wednesday. The main lines of its conclusions are, I imagine, clear. The backbone of the inquiry is its disclosure of the necessity for a sufficient wage for agricultural labor. I don't think the report will name a definite sum as a national legal minimum. It will probably prefer to say that the laborer's wage ought to be able to assure decent subsistence for a family, and the payment of a commercial rent for proper house-room. This obviates the necessity of calling for a subvention to housing. The Committee will probably recommend a national scheme, which might be developed by means of the Crown Lands, with additional purchases by the State. Its conditions would be that no more than four houses should go to the acre, so as to give the laborer a fair chance of an alternative occupation to that of hired work for the farmer. Then comes the great question of security of tenure and fair renting. The Committee will probably suggest that the only sure way of giving the farmer reasonable freedom, empowering him to check the game nuisance, and enabling the State or the local

authority to get land on tolerable terms, will be the establishment of a Land Court or a Land Commission.

PROBABLY the most interesting chapter in the report will be the introduction by the Chairman, Mr. Arthur Acland. The son of a great landowner, and the brother of another, Mr. Acland has never lost touch with agriculture, and the two things that have interested him most have been the social and economic needs of the laborer and the means of increasing his independence. He has, I am told, been of great service to the Committee, both as an inspiring and a guiding force.

WAYFARERS from the Near East are coming back with horrifying stories of outrages. No nationality escapes their damning censure—neither Turks, nor Montenegrins, nor Bulgarians, nor Greeks. The originals of the published letters of the Greek soldiers have been carefully examined and verified, and their general truth cannot be denied, nor the character of the ravages they describe. The Turks no doubt began; and a shocking opening it was. But, the worst feature of these stories—the violation of women—lies also and heavily at Christian doors. The Austrian reports of what happened in Albania are particularly bad; and violation is a common feature of them. Nothing like it, says a public man in close touch with these documents, has happened since the Middle Ages. Perhaps the Thirty Years War would be a still more exact parallel. As for diplomatic gains and losses, Russian success would seem to be fairly established. She has kept the peace on which the Tsar insisted, and has at the same time transferred Roumania from Austria's side to her own. For the rest, the tale is of wholesale slaughter at sight, drum-head court-martials, burnings, proscriptions, exile, the violation of all human rights in person or in property.

I HAVE a curious confirmation of the view that a strong Unionist minority in Ulster disapproves and deplores the Carson propaganda. A literary friend of mine has friends in four Unionist families. From all of them he has news that they are against Carsonism, and will have nothing to do with resistance to the law.

YOUR note last week (writes a correspondent) on the difficulties that might have beset the Ulster Provisional Government if it had sought support on any basis of popular representation, reminds me of a recent experience in County Down. I was staying in a town celebrated for its golf links, its unbending Orangeism, and its system of prohibition—for in this favored spot the ground landlord, although not himself a vegetarian, permits no butchers' shops to be erected except on almost impossible terms. From conversations with the townspeople (who, by this and other oddities, are put to much inconvenience), I brought away with me an abiding impression of the deep and widespread unpopularity of the well-known Irish peer who thus imposes his veto on a whole community—a community, I may add, which, probably as much to its own surprise as to mine, has now the satisfaction of seeing itself represented in the Carson Ministry by this very magnate.

I do not find any great novelties in Mr. Thorold's life of Labouchere, and one or two quaint errors, such as a reference to Mr. Justice Day as "Sir Charles Day, the Orangeman." Mr. Thorold, of course, knew his uncle well, and yet I cannot accept his description of "Labby's" voice as "gently modulated." On the contrary, it was rather harsh and very strong for so small a man, and his jests were usually rounded with a hoarse chuckle, which signalled his personal enjoyment of them. Nor do I agree with Mr. Thorold's suggestion that he felt any personal bitterness for Mr. Chamberlain after the break of 1886. Labouchere had no hatreds; and I should say, outside children and his family, few affections. His mind was objective; he saw men in politics through a glass which showed them all running eagerly and distractedly for its prizes. His delight was in marking the grimaces and attitudes of these racing figures, even more than their objects. Yet he was very kind at heart, and rarely hit anyone but those who deserved or could afford to be hurt. Gossip and mischief consumed too much of his life, but then we allow no man to be serious from the moment when we discover that he can amuse us.

A FRIEND who has been doing a round of the London theatres—and lighter places of entertainment—tells me he cannot recall a time when there was so much political allusion on the stage or so little appreciation of it in the auditorium. Not that the audiences resent the intrusion—they simply ignore it, or, rather, regard it with a sort of half-amused boredom, the perfect expression of that attitude of tolerant, because sceptical, indifference against which Mr. Shaw takes up his parable in "Androcles and the Lion." At one "revue" such various personages as Mr. Asquith, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Churchill, and Sir Edward Carson are brought on in more or less obvious caricature, only to be greeted—each in turn and all alike—with the same smiling, not to say yawning, good humor. One exception is to be noted. At the picture houses there has been some hissing of the Carson films. But that, I imagine, was not so much an unexpected outburst of political spleen as a quite natural expression of the strong and deep resentment felt by the average Londoner against the Orange leader's mimicry of the attributes and functions of royalty. In other words, it had more than a political significance.

I HAVE received the following unpublished letter of Cobden, addressed to Robertson Gladstone, the president and founder of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association. It seems to me to have a certain pertinence to our times:—

"... There never was a moment when I felt greater interest than at present in the realization of your Society's programme for substituting direct for indirect taxation. If I required an illustration of the importance of your principle, which implies the removal of Custom-house impediments between nations, I should find it in the present relations of England and France.

"What means this periodical visitation, which, like the cholera or some other infectious disease, has, every two or three years since 1847, caused the panic cry of a French invasion to overspread England, and which, at



the present moment, is heard again in tones as loud and menacing as ever? Here am I, with all my children, in the very jaws of the imaginary monster which has been conjured up to terrify my good countrymen, and yet I feel no less safe from attack or injury of any kind, so long as I refrain from molesting or wronging others, than if I were residing in London or Liverpool. Whence springs the idea of danger which pervades the public mind at home? I attribute it mainly to the want of inter-communication, and the consequent ignorance and prejudice which prevail respecting the character and designs of our nearest Continental neighbor.

"Here are two of the greatest nations, separated only by the narrowest strip of ocean, with their distinct and proud annals, their rival traditions, their differences in race, language, and religion, all tending to produce alienation; but Nature, which always works by laws of compensation, has endowed the two countries with a variety of productions, and imparted to the populations an instinctive desire to supply each other's wants and deficiencies, which, had Nature's laws been allowed their free action, would have brought the two nations into such constant contact and communication, and laid them under such mutual dependence, as would have subdued the merely latent causes of antagonism, and rendered impossible the present state of hostility and alarm.

"But, down almost to the present day, the Governments of the two countries have devoted their energies to the task of preventing, as far as possible, any commercial intercourse between them. The baneful consequences are, naturally, such as we behold. Let us hope that legislators will awaken to a sense of the responsibility which attaches to those who thus array themselves against the obvious laws of the Creator."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### MAN AND WOMAN.

It has long been a fancy of mine that the ancient legends and mythical figures were created, not by mere vague popular wonder at natural phenomena, as frequently held, but by the genius of poets who must have existed from time to time in those vast ages which extended back for millions of years before the invention of writing—I fancy that these forgotten sages moulded their experience of life in the wonderful forms which, handed down from age to age, have recently been rendered for us in script; and the legends live for ever because they consist of perfect truth crystallised in perfect form. One of the most beautiful is, perhaps, that of Sir Galahad. I doubt whether either Malory or Tennyson ever correctly divined its real meaning. It gives us the figure of one who searches passionately for something which can be obtained only by absolute purity. The legend is deformed by being associated with any phase of religiosity—for dogma is given unsought to all alike. I see in it rather the figure of Science seeking for Truth—and Science was not born yesterday, and Truth can be attained only by passionate search combined with absolute purity of intention. We observe the same qualities in Pallas Athene; the strong and pure; the dawn-goddess; the bringer of light. We shall never find the truth in anything unless we strive for it after divesting ourself of love and hate—that is, of course, with an open mind. What a truism!—and yet no one follows it.

There are occasions when the rule may be lawfully disobeyed, as when opposite causes are pleaded in the law-courts by party advocates; but, even here, the judge and jury are appointed to sum up and decide the issues, which they can do justly only if they are impartial. Now, the man of science is called upon to take all the functions of a law-court upon himself; he must find the facts, he must marshal them on both sides, and must

decide the issues impartially. I will therefore confess that I, for one, had anticipated with pleasure the study of a little book by one of our most distinguished men of science on the woman's suffrage question. In the noise of opposing factions, each urging its own case, there can be little truth. On the one side, we have many who accuse men of being base and selfish, and on the other hand, many who accuse women of being incompetent. A cold and exhaustive analysis of the subject by one trained in the cold and exhaustive processes of science should be welcomed by all. Unfortunately, the very title of Sir Almroth Wright's book, "The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage" (Constable), suggests, not impartiality, but advocacy. The Preface is very satisfactory, because in it he formally disclaims having given proof of the propositions he advances. He says that he brings forward his "generalisations and definitions because they commend themselves to my diacritical judgment," and that his results "have been reached after reiterated efforts to call up to mind the totality of my experience"—that is to say, he attempts only to express his own opinions on the subject. But, even here, he fails to prove to us that his opinions have been formed after a carefully balanced weighing of the arguments of both sides. Of course, a detailed criticism of the work can only be given at the length of the book itself; but I may, perhaps, touch upon one or two points where, I think, the arguments which he omits outweigh those which he advances.

One of the arguments upon which he lays most stress is "woman's disability in the matter of intellect." He sums up, in effect, that the average feminine intellect is a little below that of the average male one. It is probably a fact that the highest male intelligence is a little superior to the highest feminine intelligence, because we find that the very greatest masters in science, literature, art, and music have almost always been men. I can see no reason in the past why women should not have produced a Newton, a Shakespeare, a Phidias, or a Beethoven, for surely such arts are always within their power to undertake. In music especially, more of them than of men are well trained from childhood; and yet the fact remains. On the other hand, many women have nearly touched the highest in literature, and have, in fact, perhaps excelled men's work in some branches. Coming down the scale, however, to the lowest point of sane intelligence, we really cannot say that the weakest feminine intelligence is weaker than the weakest male one, if as weak. Probably the male intelligence extends to greater extremes, both of high and low, than does the feminine intelligence; but this does not necessarily imply that the average of one is higher than the average of the other. To find any genuine scientific test of such a question is almost impossible. Like Sir Almroth Wright, I, for one, can judge only on the "totality of my experience." We find a large number of wise and a vast number of fools of both sexes; and there appears to be no exact scale which will enable us to strike the mean in either sex.

But, even admitting the author's statement of fact, we cannot see how it applies to the question. It is no argument to say that women should not have the vote because the average of their intelligence is below the average of that of the male. If the highest feminine intelligence were lower than the lowest male one, we could indeed argue in this manner. As it is, however, a great number of wise women certainly possess intelligence superior to a very great number of foolish men. If, then, we are to exclude the former on the ground of inferior intelligence we must also certainly exclude all of the latter.

Precisely the same criticism may be employed regarding the author's argument, based upon "woman's disability in the matter of public morality"—by which he means, morality applied to public affairs. He declares that "it is personal and domestic, not public, morality, which is instinctive in her." But do we pretend that all male voters possess such public morality? The experience of my life does not support this view. In the giving of appointments and contracts, in voting on resolutions, and in a hundred other ways, one sees constant evidence

among men of favoritism, personal influence, and other qualities which do not belong to public morality. Caucusing and the packing of committees are constant abuses; and whole constituencies are known frequently to give their votes to local candidates, merely on the ground of popularity. If all women are to be excluded on such grounds, then, surely, a very vast number of men must be excluded also. Here, again, the author makes the scientific mistake of attempting to employ an average as being a just measure of the whole mass of facts. If public morality were the essential for the franchise, a large number of women would have to be included, and a very large number of men excluded.

He is on much surer ground as regards the physical disability of women. It cannot be denied that nearly all women are physically weaker than nearly all men; and he gives what is perhaps a sound statement regarding political power being ultimately based upon physical force. This, indeed, seems to me to be a strong argument against woman suffrage; but I doubt whether it is a sufficient one. It may be argued that we vote with our brains, and not with our bodies; and that a highly complex intellectual structure of civilization has now been built upon the original barbaric basis of force. And the author constantly omits pleas which go against his own case. Even if women are intellectually and physically and public-morally inferior, their strong sense of pity and their frequent ardor for the right (qualities which he sometimes justly condemns) may prove to be valuable assets in the perfecting of government. It is rare to find among them peculiar types which are very common among men, that of the intellectually haughty person, who is too self-conceited to learn, and that of the intellectually lazy man, who will never trouble to consider anything new, or to interest himself in the misfortunes of others. All this comparison of the two sexes by means of averages and the statement of personal opinions appears to me to lead to nothing definite; as much can be said on one side as on the other.

So also with regard to some other arguments of the author. Thus, he would deny the vote to women of property, because they have generally obtained their property from the males who have collected it; but this is also most commonly the case with men of wealth, and even with men of the middle classes whose early start in life depends upon the industry of their fathers. He scolds women for the faults of their femininity, but omits to scold men for the frequent errors of their masculinity. Surely his definition of chivalry, that it is one side of a bargain between men and women, is (I think, inadvertently) one of the meanest ones ever put forward. In fact, it is an exact definition of what chivalry is not—compare, for instance, Tennyson's beautiful idyll, "Gareth and Lynette." So far as I can read it, his argument may be summarised as follows: "You propose," he says in effect, "to double the electorate by including many millions of new voters whose physical, intellectual, and public-moral characteristics are below those of the voters of to-day; and you will weaken the State thereby." But the same thing has always been said regarding every proposed extension of the suffrage.

After all, the answer depends upon the question as to why indeed is the vote given at all. A scientific treatise would have commenced with a long and impartial discussion of this point; but the author does not give us one. There are many possible theoretical bases for the suffrage. One is intellectual capacity, and another is solvency—that is, a standard of wealth; and the author appears to accept both of these bases. But there are others. He denies the basis of taxation—though this question has been fought over, and has caused Britain the loss of half her empire. He does not elaborate the basis of service to the State; and, above all, he ignores what is, perhaps, the most logical basis of all, the representation of interests. It is this last idea which is advocated by those who favor universal suffrage. Every sane adult person, they say, whether poor, stupid, serviceable, tax-paying, or not, still possesses a definite interest in the Government which controls him, and should, therefore, have a say in that government. There

is much in this view. The plea that only the wealthy have a "stake in the country" is merely a party plea. The very idea of liberty centres in the possession of a say in the government; and those who do not possess it may quite logically complain that they are not free men. This matter has been fought over from time immemorial, and cannot be so lightly ignored as it is in the book. Here, surely, women have as great a claim as any men.

Then, take the basis of service to the State—to which I, for one, attach the very highest importance. Are we to suppose that women perform no service to the State, that they do not labor, that they have no special interests to be represented? Their work and their interests constitute, in fact, half the work and half the interests of the human race. Probably more than half the money in the world is expended by them. They administer the household, and every day millions of them work in the house. To them are entrusted the early years of childhood and education. But, above all, it is in this that they deserve and win the highest consideration of the human race—namely, that their great duty of maternity is performed with endless pain and a very great risk to life itself. In the opinion of many, this alone would make them deserving of a say in the forces which govern them. How can millions of men, who are to-day engaged upon nothing but their own amusement, and who even neglect the military duties which nature has laid upon them, dare to overlook this point?

I quite agree with Sir Almroth Wright in many of his opinions—in the absurdities of "egalitarian equity," and in the fact that the whole of this question must ultimately be decided upon State expediency. But that is precisely where the doubt comes in. It may be argued that the introduction of women to the electorate, and even to Parliament and other assemblies, will bring into the councils of mankind a vast body of experience from the exclusion of which those councils now materially suffer. On this political subject I have no right to speak; but I do not think that the book has considered them in a scientific manner. It contains many words of wisdom—but also omits many others which are not less wise. It is not an impartial study of the subject, but a special pleading; and is, therefore, not a scientific treatise. It reminds me, not of the quest of Sir Galahad, but rather of a political foray intended to distress the enemy. Like all such, it will probably end in strengthening them.

RONALD ROSS.

#### A PROPHET IN JUDGMENT.

It is not chiefly the large store of experience that constitutes the wisdom of old age. It is more a certain clearness and simplicity of understanding that comes with the decline of the bodily passions and with the necessary withdrawal from the battle of life. After a long and arduous experience, in which all the powers of the human spirit have been bent on ordering the affairs of man or on enlarging the bounds of knowledge, there sometimes comes a lucid interval of later years, in which a spiritual settlement takes place, the bewildering complexity of things giving way before the few issues of supreme import. In a mass of broad humanity, such issues are always definitely moral issues, rooted deeply in the destiny of man. Such men have always been the prophets and the soothsayers, and people have always done well to listen to them. It follows from the nature of the case that the thoughts they utter are more truly revolutionary than anything that comes from the wilder and more heated blood of the younger generation. For the notion that old age tends to conservatism is only true of those who have spent their lives in narrow processes of self-seeking, or when the collapse of physical and mental powers brings extreme personal timidity. The grey spirit of such men as Tolstoy, Björnson, or Alfred Russel Wallace becomes bolder and more adventurous as it passes beyond the normal limits of life.

Dr. Wallace, for over half a century one of our foremost thinkers and fighters, celebrates

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the completion of his ninetieth year by a message of moral appeal to his countrymen, entitled "The Revolt of Democracy" (Cassell). It contains, of course, nothing novel, either in analysis or advice. But it once more challenges society to perform the plain primary duty which it persistently ignores of making the necessary arrangements to secure life and the opportunity to work for all its members. Even at the present time, when trade is prosperous in our land, thousands of children perish every year in our great towns for lack of the food, fresh air, and care which their parents cannot afford to give them. More than a quarter of our population are living shortened and damaged lives because they have not food enough to support them properly. Most of our children are still forced into unwholesome labor in their proper years of education and of playtime. Millions of women are forced to sell their labor for pay which cannot, and does not, keep them alive. Even now, though employment is very full in the organized trades, there are many thousands of working-men in London and elsewhere willing to work for a livelihood, but unable to find work, losing their strength, efficiency, and courage as they batter in vain against the barriers of an industrial system which seems to have no place for them.

Here is a mass of human misery and waste which, to such a man as Dr. Wallace, signifies the criminal refusal of organized society to face its primary obligation. Confronted with the facts, no denial is possible. But the normal attitude of society is that of a tacit conspiracy to ignore the facts. Or else we say, "Oh! but things are so much better than they were, and our statesmen and social reformers are already improving things as fast as it is safe to go." To such a man as Dr. Wallace, this is sheer cowardice and hypocrisy. It is the business of the prophet, as of the poet, to "strip the veil of familiarity from the world, and lay bare the naked and sleeping beauty which is the spirit of its forms." Dr. Wallace has a vision of what our country might be if it had the courage and insight to realize the powers which science and the human will place within its grasp. Until lately, poverty appeared to be the inevitable lot of most men. For the command of man over nature was still meagre, and appeared inadequate to secure for most men anything other than a life of toil and penury. Moreover:—

"To those who lived in the midst of this vast industrial system, or were a part of it, it seemed natural and inevitable that there should be rich and poor; and this belief was enforced on the one hand by the clergy, and on the other by the political economists, so that religion and science agreed in upholding the competitive and capitalistic system of society as being the only rational and possible one. Hence, till quite recently, it was believed that the abolition of poverty was entirely outside the true sphere of governmental action."

Now, great abundance of wealth is both possible and existent. Poverty for the many is no longer inevitable in the old sense, and the issue of the distribution of wealth becomes the absorbing moral and practical issue of our age. Are we prepared to make the necessary rearrangements in the government of society to abolish poverty, to make destitution, starvation, and involuntary idleness impossible? That we can do it if we have the will, is indisputable. The question remains, "Have we the will?" It has not yet appeared that we have. For the quite easy way in which the large policy of organic reforms contained in such schemes as that of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission has been brushed aside in favor of less considered and unrelated palliatives indicates that the national will has so far got no firm grip upon the magnitude and the unity of the social problem. The reason for this failure is quite manifest. We are moving, we are told, "as fast as it is safe to go." It is the feeling about "safety" that is preventing us from seriously seeking to abolish poverty. "But," it may be said, "isn't everyone agreed that poverty is a disease, and that it endangers the safety of society?" "Yes," we reply, "but there is a feeling that any measures that are really large and bold enough to abolish poverty will involve large encroachments upon the present rights and privileges

of the propertied classes, and that will be exceedingly unsafe."

So, slowly, the intrinsic logic of the situation unfolds itself. So long as it can be pretended that poverty can be mitigated and reduced by concessions which leave virtually unimpaired the fortresses of property and power, the social will is ripe for such reforms. But as soon as it becomes manifest that "the poverty at one end of the social scale will not be removed except by encroaching heavily upon the great riches at the other end," the social will begins to slacken and to fail. We then begin to hear much about the wickedness of advocating a class war, of the underlying harmony of interests between Capital and Labor, and of the perils of State interference with the delicate springs of industry. What havoc does Dr. Wallace make of all this pleasing sophistry of business-men, politicians, and political economists! Of course, the abolition of poverty involves an attack upon misgotten and ill-used property, and upon the life of luxury and idleness which comes from the possession of unearned wealth. Unless the fortresses of legalized plunder are courageously assailed and taken, all talk of effective social reform is idle. More and more the State must be the instrument of such reforms, and the financial resources it needs must be taken from the treasure-houses of the rich.

"Justice and public policy alike demand that every penny of taxation should be taken from the superfluously rich at or near the other end of the scale. Thus, and thus only, could we cause the present insignificant *minimum* wage to rise, first above the bare subsistence rate, and then by a steady increase to an amount sufficient to procure for all our workers the essentials for a full and enjoyable existence."

Only by such means can the economic and moral cleavage of classes disappear. This cleavage is itself the product of the system of "improperty," by which riches and poverty arise, and the moral sentiments which have gathered round it are still the chief obstacles to the rise of an effective social will to abolish poverty.

"It is this widespread belief in there being a 'lower class' among us—hewers of wood and drawers of water—whose *intrinsic worth* as human beings is measured by the small wages they receive, that causes the proposals to raise their earnings to what we now term 'a living wage' to be widely resented, as if it were something dangerous, unnecessary, or even immoral."

Only very slowly, in such a land as this, does the will of the people rise against the blasphemy of this valuation, and insist upon the right to live like human beings. The humility of the people in the past, the acceptance of this low valuation of their masters, has been their undoing. It has hitherto made the forms of democracy of slight account as instruments for their uplifting. The moral significance of this revolt of democracy, whose banner this veteran lifts with his undaunted hands, consists in the recognition that a people thus divided against itself, in purse and head and heart, cannot stand and prosper in the struggle towards civilization. For a people having the power to abolish poverty, and knowing that it has the power, to refuse to use that power, is to acquiesce in its own degradation, the unpardonable sin. But Dr. Wallace ends upon a note of hope, not of despair. The principle of competition as a guide of economic life has absolutely broken down. The time has already come when the workers have power and confidence enough to demand that a Government which carries the corporate strength and intelligence of the nation, shall "abolish starvation in this land of superfluous wealth." "This must be the great and noble work of our statesmen of to-day and of to-morrow. May they prove themselves equal to the great opportunity which the justifiable revolt of labor has now afforded them!"

#### "PLEASE DON'T KILL US!"

It is not the cry of helpless crowds chivied by the batons of Dublin police; nor the cry of Nationalist workmen threatened by Ulster's trampling host; nor of destitute fugitives when the knife of Balkan butchers is at their throats. It is only the cry of Kentish villagers, in whom even the police could detect no wrong, and who

have no enemies in the world. Why, then, should they cry in appeal against murder or violent death, and to whom do they call for mercy? They cry because, month by month, they are being cut down, and it is to their richer brethren that they call. The phrase "richer brethren" may sound a little strange. "Our poorer brethren" was a regulation phrase upon the charitable lips of those who happened to be both godly and wealthy some years ago, and it still lingers in well-to-do pulpits. But we suppose the phrase "our richer brethren" has never before been used. The poor do not look upwards in that fraternal way, and, no doubt, they have their reasons.

One has no fraternal feelings towards people who cut you down. It was at Dunton Green last Saturday that a long strip of canvas between two poles proclaimed that simple appeal. "Please Don't Kill Us," it said, and the men, women, and children of the village followed it silently through the rain. In their village one person is being killed every eighteen weeks, and every seven weeks one is injured. And all for nothing! In mines, in iron-works, or on the sea, men are killed from time to time, are mourned and buried, and the work goes on. But Dunton Green has no mines or furnaces or sea; it only has a broad, flat road, running from London by Seven-oaks and Tunbridge Wells onward to the Sussex Downs. Once the villagers liked the road and were rather proud of it. The road was their bond of friendship, their natural way to school or to town and market. Now it has become to them what a river haunted by crocodiles is to an Indian village. And all because their richer brethren use the road for sport. "They kill us for their sport," the villagers might say, if they looked upon the rich as gods.

In twelve hours, they tell us, 1,300 motor-cycles have been counted rushing along that road, and on a fine Saturday afternoon the motor-cars pass at an average of four a minute. One often hears a great fuss made about level crossings on a railway. At stations, "Passengers are particularly requested to cross by the bridge"; or, as the Germans put it in their virile manner, to cross over the rails is "streng verboten." Yet, compared with an English highway like Dunton Green's, the main line of the London and North-Western is a haven of rest and safety. On no railway in the world do trains pass at an average of four a minute. When a train is coming, there are plenty of warnings—the noise, the white smoke, the whistle, and probably a signal in sight. At a level crossing the big white gates are shut a minute or two before the train goes by. Even if you have got on to the railroad by mistake, you know the train will keep to the lines on its left, and not go gallivanting all about. You have only to avoid those lines and you are safe. But upon our highroads and lanes, though cars may be passing four a minute at "railway speed," there are no such warnings or safeguards—nothing but a hiss of muffled wheels, and an occasional shriek or grunt, fit utterance for the road-hog's voice. No signal falls, and no gate is shut when Death's "winged chariot" is coming. Nor does it keep to necessary lines, but gallivants all over the road pretty much as it pleases. If people had been told twenty years ago that we should soon turn thousands of express trains loose upon our open roads, with hardly any safeguard or precaution, they would have thought the prophecy insane. Oh, but we have forgotten the legal speed-limit of twenty miles an hour, and the local limits of ten miles an hour through villages and towns! We apologise. They are sometimes forgotten.

The Dunton Green villagers say they have appealed in vain to the police, the magistrates, and the County Council of Kent. They will try one more appeal to the County Council, and then they will turn to the King. We do not wonder their appeals are vain. When the villagers' cats and dogs are shot by gamekeepers, it is not much good appealing to a Bench of the landowners who preserve pheasants. The probability is that the magistrates and County Councillors of Kent all run motors themselves, and have a kindly fellow-feeling for others in the sport. Even if appeal is made to the King, what does that really mean? We suppose it means an engrossed document which may or may not reach the hands of the

President of the Local Government Board. Failing the King, the villagers announce their intention of "taking the law into their own hands." When people do that it is not usually the law that they take, nor the law that they keep. The villagers tell us that four years ago they asked for the protection of soldiers. Perhaps a company of the West Kent would have been a more peaceful solution in the end.

Of course, it is a most deplorable thing for road-hogs that villagers should live. We fully admit all that can be said against them. In a text-book upon the "Law of Motor Cars," by Mr. Daniel Warde (p. 36), we find it stated:—

"The chief danger to which the reckless motor-car driver exposes himself is that of knocking down a pedestrian and causing his death, which may result in a charge of manslaughter."

To a villager the danger of being manslaughtered is, no doubt, serious, but let us not forget the danger to which the motor car driver exposes himself also. He may kill a man or a woman or child (any "pedestrian," in fact), and unless he can escape, the unfortunate occurrence may result in a charge of manslaughter. This is justly described as his chief danger, and, undoubtedly, it is a serious risk. We doubt if insurance covers it. Insurance will fish a motorist out of most similar scrapes—accidents that can be settled by compensation, civil actions at law, and so on. And, indeed, when a motorist has paid his insurance money, it seems a pity he should not give other people an accident or two, so as to get his money's worth; just as working men and domestic servants under the Insurance Act think themselves defrauded of their "benefit" if they are not ill. But manslaughter is a different matter, and insurance cannot cover it. The word has an ugly sound, reminding one of Smithfield and the killing of sheep. It is a criminal affair, and we do not wonder it is described as the chief danger to which the reckless motor car driver exposes himself. It is the chief danger to which he exposes other people, too.

If only there were no villagers, or if only they would stay at home, where surely all women and children, at all events, ought perpetually to be, how much easier would be the reckless motorist's lot, how much reduced the chief danger to which he exposes himself! As things stand, the poor fellow is hampered on every side. Before he starts, he is obliged to obtain a license and display his registered number on the car. This does not prevent his escape after he has knocked someone down, but it makes it rather more difficult, and if he is caught escaping, the law, in extreme cases, may fine him £20, or even imprison him for a whole month! It is a hard thing, too, that, in a case of manslaughter, negligence on the part of the deceased is no defence for negligence on the part of the prisoner. Lord Alverstone has even laid it down that motor drivers are mistaken in their idea that if they blow their horn (shriek, grunt, or otherwise express their approach), they are justified in going at any rate of speed, and people are bound to get out of the way. Mr. Daniel Warde's text-book tells us that "a full statement of the law on the subject of manslaughter by drivers can be found in Archbold's Criminal Pleading, Evidence, and Practice, under 'Homicide, Carriages.'" We fear that many homicidal motorists who took the trouble to study that statement would find it very depressing.

They have our sympathy. Even a road-hog may at intervals show glimmerings of generosity and consideration. One of them the other day dashed into a boy, who was fool enough to be walking along a country road that we know, gave him a free ride of thirty yards before dropping him, smashed him up a bit, and for compensation paid his mother her expenses for taking him by cart or train to and from the nearest hospital, and, no doubt, recovered the amount from an Insurance Company. "'Tis much; 'tis something," as the poet said. Considering what road-hogs are now, it encourages the hope that in the course of centuries of in-breeding they may almost become human beings. But until that blessed consummation is reached, what are the villagers of Dunton Green, and millions of other English villagers,



to do? As they weep over the bodies of their manslaughtered children, we fear it is no good talking to them of a great industry's fructifying development that gives work to thousands of the poor, amusement to thousands of the rich, and enormous profits to speculators in rubber. When you are speaking to the victims of homicide, it is unpleasant to excuse death on the plea of vested interests. The sorrowing mothers do not see or hear the roaring workshops where people of their class constructed the murderous toy. They take no interest in the speculator's handsome residence, and they have never experienced the joy of the motorist as, bemused with speed, he devours space, and reduces this beautiful country to the size that suits his mind. For these industries and profits and delights the villagers in their lamentation care nothing. They know that they are being killed for sport at the rate of about three a year in a little place like Dunton Green; and they know that appeal to law is beyond them, and appeal to authority useless. They will soon be appealing to the King as represented by the President of the Local Government Board. If he fails them, they will "take the law into their own hands," and it is difficult to say what else they could do. But is it to become an established principle in this country that no grievance is ever redressed except in answer to violent action?

#### A STY HEAD SCENIC?

IN London at summer time there are some quite wonderful mountains. They are silvered with far-away snow, and gilded in the near buttresses with lichen. If a few perpendicular streaks of rust appear, why, it is oxide of iron that colors the old red sandstone, that puts the purple blush into porphyry, and gives warmth to the Juras and the Pyrenees. Our Shepherd's Bush mountains have a very sharp outline against the rosy sky of a London sunset, but we have seen just the same sharpness in Kerry and on many other mountains in a certain light, and we know that the apparent *arrêtes* may be the edge of rocky masses that roll for leagues. It is a sparrow that gives away their grandeur by perching on a peak that ought to be twenty miles away, and giving itself the proportions of a super-eagle. And then there dashes round Monte Rosa a super-motor-car full of delighted and shrieking mountaineers. These peaks are but the scaffolding of a "scenic railway." They are painted planks on end, and the distance through their Simplon to the corrugated iron fence beyond is scarcely thirty feet.

Near London, too, we have a remarkable forest; a true forest. It is easy to lose oneself in its thickets and its beech glades for an hour or two at a time. Perfectly unspoilt British earthworks are hidden in it, without signposts to direct us to them; and so much a part of the newer Norman woodland that every man has to be an archaeologist to discover them. The birds and animals are of almost all the kinds there are in Great Britain, and the insects and other creatures are, for the purposes of a lifetime, as numerous and interesting as those of the Amazons. There is really no such a concept as London for us when we are struggling through the unruly black-thorns, or sitting here on a storm-felled tree to watch the gambols of a squirrel or a band of stoats. But at the end of an hour or a lucky two or three we come out again to the white ribbon of one of the roads of prime necessity that pass through the domain. At very early morning huge waggon-loads of cabbages are wavering slowly to market, and later the road is a stream of bicycles passing at the rate of a thousand pounds' worth a minute, out towards Epping and Ongar or inward to the City we had forgotten.

We can easily turn in again. The nutty smell of autumn cleans the mind as a damp rag cleans a slate of its cyphering. The floor is jewelled with fungi of every hue. A greater-spotted woodpecker in white diamonds on black satin hammers at a tree, then flies away, showing a tail of dazzling crimson. A roe deer, munching at a blackberry bush, darts through the fern, waving an enormous white "flag" to tell her fawn where to follow,

or a herd of fallow bucks stand in the gloom of a horn-beam, their bodies turned every way, but all their faces towards the stranger to learn whether or no they are seen. They would have fled sooner, but they would soon run into someone else, or have to cross a bicycle stream. Yes, it is a wonderful forest to be had for a shilling return ticket; but we do feel rather like trying to cover a six-foot bed with a four-foot blanket. We have to be very discreet not to kick a foot out, and destroy the magic. The soul desires more than this for its recreation after the eroding and shattering of London or Manchester.

At last we get the all-necessary quiet in the true heart of the Lake District. The summit of Sty Head Pass is in the lap of the mountains. It is on the knees of a dozen giants that cluster there to give coherence to the seven dales of Lakeland. And we have come there by the mountain path, by a way as natural as the seams with which the rabbits criss-cross the meadows, or the rope-wide paths that the sheep draw through the face of the precipice. Here the ear is not rasped by the sound—by any of the unmentionable sounds—of a hustled civilization. A raven tosses on the wind the unhurried croak that fears no interruption or competition. The ghyll that makes a white streak down the opposite cliff babbles to itself, and is never more than a part of the silence. And we can take long, long days' walks and exhilarating climbs from this lap of the gods, without coming upon any of those necessary contradictions of quiet that the burnt soul dreads. We can go up into Windy Gap, where a strong man may be blown flat as soon as he steps into Boreas's tennis court, or where there may be the calm of an empty battle-field, then up to the summit of Gable, or round him to the mournful gorge of Black Sail, whence long roadless rambles stretch in many directions; or over Scawfel Pike into pristine Eskdale, by Hardknot into Duddon, sonnetted by Wordsworth from head to foot, or by Wrynose or Esk Hause, always remote from any reminder of civilization beyond an occasional fellow human or lesser animal erect on his own legs.

Black Sail, Hardknot, Wrynose are passes where the hard walker who is not a climber crosses from the topmost beauty of one dale into the next. So are Kirkstone and Honnister Passes, but with a great difference. Here a fine day stands for swirling dust, for noise and get-out-of-the-way, for if there is no wind to swirl the dust the motor-cars and coaches will do it for us. It sounds like a slight thing to speak of motor-cars in a remote district like Lakeland. No one could think of their number and capacity to spoil a country who had not been there. You cannot look from a mountain on the Windermere side without seeing them ploughing their malodorous furrows between lake and fell, or hearing their bellows as they chase *ennui* in a land designed for rest. And the passes that have motor-roads are not merely scratches on a magnificent landscape, but destroying gashes. They are not conveniences of inter-communication, but switchbacks; just barely, if so much, scenic railways to a very large number of those who use them. They differ from one another by the gradient on either side, by the number of horse-powers necessary to overcome them, and by the steepness and smoothness of the run down.

Kirkstone is delightful. It gives a splendid struggle to the engines which cleverer people than we have made, but which we own, and there is such a nice reward of rubbered speed when the crown is gained. But we have all "done" the Kirkstone, even those who could not for the life of us name the mountains belonging to it, or say a word about its scenery, and we want a new wiggle-woggle. We think that Sty Head would make a lovely new motor-road. Mr. Abraham, the old mountaineer turned motorist, says it is "a much-needed road." Some money has turned up to build it with, and the county council is agreeable. If money counts for everything, there will be a new road. Only in the remote event of quiet and beauty getting the franchise will Sty Head remain free.

"The much-needed road." How many kinds of people are there who could write that of Sty Head Pass!

Is it possible that Ravenglass is going to be quarried out of its mud, and made into a port again for the shipment of Keswick lead pencils? That is the sort of possibility you might expect the county council to be alive to. It is not the one that would call forth that money that is said to be ready for this road. It is not national money, or patriotic or benevolent money. Not such money as paid for Brandelhow, though it could be by an irony the money there paid now turned to a new threat against Lakeland. No hotel is needed in Sty Head Pass, but they who would like to have a hotel there need the road to make it pay. A landowner somewhere in Wasdale might be willing to see the mountains cut to ribbons if that would bring increment to his land. Even a parish council might like to foster a new industry of entertaining tourists, but a county council ought to hesitate long before chopping up its diamond into parts whose combined value will never equal that of the whole. They will not stop at Sty Head, if a lethargic public allows them that sop. Scarp Gap, Black Sail, Hardknot, Wrynose will follow till the motor-cars can run up and down and in and out all round and round our mountains, and make them into a thousand-mile scenic railway. Perhaps they will do all the arms of their starfish in a single day, and go home without getting out, leaving Boniface with a very puzzled look on his face. But long before that they will drive away those who care for the mountains. Epping Forest will be more peaceful.

## Short Studies.

### THE RETURN.

It had rained with persistent heaviness all day, and a cold, damp wind was blowing down the platform. The train was already late, and would be later, I was told. I made up my mind to at least an hour's delay, and began to walk up and down to keep myself warm.

The platform was crowded with people—with ordinary travellers, with farmers and their wives returning from some market, with the strings of girls with arms linked and the groups of young men that crowd the railway stations in the evening in Ireland; and it was five or ten minutes before I caught sight of the little group which has filled my thoughts ever since.

There were three of them—a woman and two men. It was the woman who attracted my attention first. She was young—not more than twenty perhaps, but quite mature—with black hair and beautiful eyes, and in the soft rich line of her cheek and chin that mixture of purity and sensuousness one sees so often in the Madonnas of the early Italian painters. It was a face not very common among Irish peasant girls, and I stayed near her, watching with keen pleasure the slow, graceful movements of her head. The black shawl which fell from her head to her knees made a perfect frame to the picture.

The man beside her—her husband evidently—was a less fine creature. Tall and awkward, with an anxious, bewildered expression, he kept on inquiring of passing porters why the train was so late, and whether they were on the right platform. The woman, on the contrary, stood with a kind of sad patience, and at her companion's restlessness and the porters' hasty replies would even slowly smile, and then her face would sink back into its sad, sensuous beauty. Presently a guard pushed up to her a luggage truck, and, helped by her husband, she sat down on it, and then took from under her shawl the two crutches which had supported her, and which I had not noticed.

The third member of the group stood a little apart, and did not, I think, belong to them. He was short, with a broad, un-Irish face, a large silver medal was on his breast, and on the ground beside him a strange-looking bottle enclosed in a network of straw, and a small bag such as the country people going to America carry. He was evidently blind, and he stood there in perfect quiescence, clasping a stick, with his head held high in

a listening attitude. The late train, the crowded platform, apparently did not interest him at all. He had the immense patience of the blind.

Up to this no one had taken any notice of the little group, but now a priest began to talk to the blind man, and immediately the bored loiterers surged round, and I moved farther away. The man's strange face, the foreign-looking jar, made me think that perhaps he was a foreigner, and if so, I did not want to be one of that discourteous, inquisitive crowd. The priest talked to him for a long time, and then he, too, went away, but still a group of people were gathered round the blind man, craning, gaping, questioning. Sometimes I caught sight of him in the same attitude as before, clasping his stick, his head thrown back, his patient, expressionless face.

When the train did arrive—an hour late—I lost the group in the rush of passengers, but found myself in the same carriage as the priest. After a station or two the other people in the carriage got out, and I moved across, and sat beside him.

"Was that man on the platform quite blind, Father?" I asked.

"Indeed he was, stone blind."

"He wasn't a foreigner?"

"Oh, no. They were coming back from Lourdes."

The roar of the train had caught the last words, and I hardly heard them.

"They were what—?"

"They were coming home from Lourdes."

And then there came over me such a rush of pity, such a horror at the cruelty of it all, that I could speak no more.

The priest got out at the next station, the rain beat on the glass, the cold wind blew through the badly-fitting door, and, in imagination, I saw the whole progression of facts. First, there was the vague idea, the unspoken wish; then the suggestion by a neighbor or by the husband, "If herself could only go to Lourdes, maybe she'd get well . . ." At first it was thought impossible to go—where was the money to come from? Then, later, "Well, maybe we might manage it"; then began the scraping together of the money, perhaps the neighbors helped, perhaps the priest helped; somehow or other at last the money was gathered. Not much need be spent on new clothes, not much luggage need be taken, but as the time approached, the days must have succeeded each other in a crescendo of excitement. Then at last the great day comes, probably the cottage they live in is up among the hills, there is a long drive to the railway station, a journey in a slow, stopping train, a change to a fast train where they join a large party of pilgrims, then comes the steamer, then another train—an express this time, and so on, on—quicker—quicker—on, on to Lourdes.

One can imagine the facts so clearly. But that other progression, that crescendo of spiritual feeling—it is not so easy to guess at it. That it was intense and deep cannot be questioned. For these people that journey to Lourdes was no mere tourist trip flavored with religion, it was a pilgrimage of soul and body; and the prayers in Ireland and the prayers in Lourdes, the prayers on the train and the prayers on the steamer, what a chain of strength they must have made! It must have almost seemed as if the miracle was accomplished before ever Lourdes was reached, the hands must have loosened on those crutches, the eyes must have quickened with eagerness . . .

Something in one's heart forbids one to go any further. At the sight of those still blinded eyes, those crutches, alas! so necessary, one feels a tragedy too deep to be analysed and probed. The realization of failure may have been sudden or gradual, it may have come in rebellion or resignation, one passes over it quickly to the little patient group on the draughty, sodden platform.

Ah! the diminuendo of that return, the exhaustion after the exaltation, no crowds of excited people at the stations, only blank indifference or a curiosity more gallant still; the return to the little cottage, the old life



that must be taken up, for the man the same darkness, for the woman the same pain.

I tried to tell myself that my imagination had run away with me, that the journey had been an interest and an excitement, and that the disappointment would soon be forgotten, and that—for the woman at any rate—the strange foreign sights would be a rich memory for the rest of her life. I almost persuaded myself that it was best as it was.

It was nearly midnight when the train reached the terminus. It was still raining, and I stepped, stiff, and cold, out of my carriage.

At the carriage door next to mine the tall man was standing, and in the doorway stood the woman. She stretched out her arms and put them round his neck, and with great gentleness he lifted her to the ground. Over his shoulder I saw her head, from which the shawl had slipped back, and for an instant my eyes met hers—pure, sensuous, infinitely patient.

LENNOX ROBINSON.

## Music.

### ELGAR'S "FALSTAFF" AT LEEDS.

THE provincial musical festivals do something for music, no doubt, but one could wish that their committees would see the advisability of doing something for the musical critics also. Presumably the opinion of these gentlemen is held to be worth having, or they would not be invited in such large numbers; yet when they get there the object of a Festival Committee seems to be to make it as difficult as possible for them to do the most responsible part of their work with any credit to themselves or any benefit to others. It is surely not necessary to place three new works in one day's programme; and it is certainly neither necessary nor desirable that the most important of them should be timed to finish at so late an hour as to make it practically impossible for a critic to do justice either to himself or to the composer. Elgar devotes, perhaps, the best part of a year to thinking out a work like his "Falstaff." The critic is then expected to tell the world all about it, and to pass some sort of judgment upon it, at about 10.30 one night, with the knowledge that he has several other things in the programme to discuss—sometimes including another new work, as happened at Leeds—and that if he is much more than half an hour over it all he runs the risk either of his message not getting over the wires in time, or of it being mutilated beyond recognition by a tired and hurried telegraphist at one end and tired and hurried compositors at the other. If the composers have a grievance against the critics, the latter have still more cause to feel aggrieved at the festival executives. To my mind the attendance of the critics at every concert of these festivals is a mere newspaper tradition that has no ground in reason. The "Times" or the "Manchester Guardian" would not send its critic to Hereford or Gloucester to hear "Elijah" or "Gerontius" under the local organist on, say, the 25th March. Why then should it send him there or elsewhere on the 10th September in each year? I wonder if newspaper proprietors have ever asked themselves whether the reporting of provincial musical festivals is worth the trouble and expense—whether anyone in these islands cares two pence how Miss So-and-So sang in the "Messiah" or how the local choir sang a Bach chorus. The opinion of the critics themselves—and they may be supposed to know something of the inside of the case—is that if the country as a whole really wants to know what happens at Leeds or Sheffield in a particular week of the musical year, the local reporter could easily supply all that was wanted; while the critics, instead of wearing themselves out in listening to some seven hours of music each day, most of it too stale to call for discussion, should attend only the performances of new works, or performances of old works that were likely to have some feature out of the common, and should write carefully and, if need be,

copiously about something that was really worth writing about and reading about. The present foolish system simply wears the better men out to no purpose except that of advertising the festival; and in the crowd of ordinary things the extraordinary thing has to suffer. On the "Falstaff" night, for example, we first of all had to listen to Mr. Bantock's "Dante and Beatrice" and then to two long and tiresome vocal solos before Elgar's work came on; and after it we had to wait another forty minutes or so, during part of which time half of our impressions of "Falstaff" were driven out of our heads by a new work of Mr. Hamilton Harty's. Mr. Bantock's fine tone-poem it is always a pleasure to listen to; but is there a newspaper in the country that would have sent its critic to Leeds to write about this, or the two singers and their solos, at any other time but a festival? The only thing that really concerned the newspapers, their readers, and their critics on that evening was "Falstaff"; and it should surely have been a very simple matter so to arrange the programme that the critics could have got away from the hall an hour or more earlier, and with their impressions of the work still undimmed. As it is, I can remember no new work of importance that has been treated more hurriedly and with less credit to the critics than "Falstaff" was by every one of us last week.

The work is interesting in more than one way. It is only a few years ago since Elgar made a famous declaration in favor of the "pure" music, like Brahms's third Symphony, that needed no support from literature—in reply to which it was pointed out pleasantly by more than one critic that a good deal of Elgar's own music was of the type he disparaged. After working out a new technique and tapping several new veins of expression in his two symphonies and his violin concerto—which, though probably based on vague unformulated poetic schemes of some kind, are not programme music in the ordinary sense of the word—he has reverted, in his "Falstaff," to pure programme music of the kind he had previously given us in the "Cockaigne" and elsewhere. He has thus afforded us fresh proof that the impulse to base an occasional orchestral work on the most definite of poetic programmes is an ineradicable one in composers; while by his own admirable analytical article upon "Falstaff" in the "Musical Times" he has exhibited, in closer detail than has been vouchsafed us by any composer before, all the co-ordinations of the poetic and the musical ideas. It needs to be remembered, though, that his musical purpose reaches further than the psychology and the adventures of Falstaff; as in most good programme music, humanity itself is the theme, though for certain purposes that theme is made more seizable by being narrowed to certain definite associations. The subject of the symphonic study is really the mad, pathetic mixture of contrarieties in us all, and the sense of something vast and inscrutable above us, putting an end—a harsh but perhaps bracing end of its own—to all our moral oscillations when the time comes; "we play fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us." The dominant mood of the "Falstaff," therefore, is not one of humor, or even irony, but of pity. There is one recurring phrase, indeed, that seems to me specially to suggest this lofty cosmic pity for the futile jester and for all of us, though Elgar has not quoted it in his analysis.

He calls his work "a symphonic study with two interludes," and the Falstaff he has in view is not the grossly comic character of the "Merry Wives," but the complex knight and gentleman and joker of the historical plays, whose composite nature was summed up in a well-known passage by Maurice Morgann in the eighteenth century. He runs his varied course through Eastcheap and Gadshill and Shrewsbury and Gloucestershire to his stern repudiation by the young king and his broken end. Elgar's method is for the most part a frankly pictorial one, and one that, with its suggestion of dialoguing figures and changing scenes by means of the sharp antithesis of motifs, inevitably makes the music proceed at times by way of repetition rather than of development of the kind we have in "Till Eulenspiegel."

We must just accept the medium as the one the composer has chosen to work in: by his remark, indeed, that the word "study" must be taken "in its literary use and meaning," he probably means to convey that he has deliberately sacrificed the interest of showing a character developing from the inside—as Strauss has done in his "Macbeth"—for the interest of presenting a character as seen wholly by a spectator from the outside. Briefly, he shows us, by the use of certain leading motifs, the jovial Falstaff, the cajoling Falstaff, the braggart Falstaff, in company with the generous and thoughtless prince; the hardening of the latter's nature under responsibility, the impossibility henceforth of the two characters mixing, the veering round of the moral standard of the world in which they have hitherto moved, and the necessary fracture of the more ill-co-ordinated character of the two against the new and hard reality that has suddenly come into his orbit. All except one or two of the more fragmentary themes have pungency and appositeness, and the slow transformation of the atmosphere, from the careless joviality of the beginning to the pathos of the end, is finely managed. But it seems to me that the finest art is shown in the two interludes—not so much in the music itself, though this is among the best in the work, as in the idea of these two sections. For by means of them Elgar effects the needed steadying of the comedy at just the right moments, and prepares us very skilfully for that mood of chastened pity that is to sway us at the end. The first interlude is a charming little piece descriptive of Falstaff as a page to the Duke of Norfolk; its flashing back of the mind upon the slender boy out of whom this mountain of riotous and blundering flesh has grown is strangely pathetic. There is equal pathos in the lovely interlude that describes Falstaff in Shallow's Gloucestershire orchard: once more the cool and quiet beauty of the music seems to throw a curiously sad illumination upon the man who is wasting himself so pitifully. And by an admirable stroke at the end, this theme of the orchard steals like a benediction into the picture of the man's disgrace and death. The work suffered a little in Leeds from a somewhat feverish performance. When it is made more lucid it ought to become popular, for though it is new Elgar in some respects, it is much more approachable by the ordinary music lover than either of the symphonies.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## Communications.

### THE IRISHRY OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Ulster is, in many respects, the most typically Irish province of Ireland. Viewed ethnologically, we find its inhabitants are by origin mainly of Gaelic blood. The Ayrshire and Galloway Scots, who made up so large a proportion of the "plantation" scheme of James I., were themselves very largely of Gaelic origin, and, in many cases, still Irish-speaking when they landed on the Antrim shores; while the West Highland Islesmen, who then, and from a much earlier date, had permeated the coasts of Ulster, taking part against the English in every war of the North, were not only Irish-speaking, but were allied in marriage, religion, a common music and a common poetry, a common ancestry, and a full-shared communion of historic associations with those they came amongst.

The legend of the "Ulster Scot," or the "Scotch Irishman," dates no further back than to the early years of the last century, and could its birthplace be definitely located, it would probably be found to have first seen the light, not in Belfast, but in Boston.

Up to 1800, say, no man born in Ireland dreamed of calling himself anything but an Irishman; just as, indeed, no man born in England to-day dreams of shunning the name of Englishman for that of "Anglo-Dane," "Norman-Saxon," or possibly "Anglo-Judean." Two generations of English life are enough to make an Englishman nationally equipped at all points; but three, four, or five centuries, we are asked to believe, fail to make an Irish dweller into an Irishman. And yet, if ancestry be strictly defined, there is probably far

less "English" blood in England than of "Irish" blood in Ireland. England, however, is one and indivisible for all her sons; Ireland is still the home of "two nations."

The origin of the "Ulster-Scot" legend is not without interest, but is beside the present issue, and would take too long to expose and deal with here.

A contemporary voice from the Irish Parliament, however, may well be set against the later "authorities," who prefer to attribute their defeat in America to a branch of "ourselves" rather than own that the despised Irish they had hunted from Ireland here turned them out of their own chief colony. Speaking in April, 1783, in the Irish House of Commons, Mr. Gardiner, one of the Members for the City of Dublin, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, thus explained how the British defeat in the revolted colonies was due to Irishmen. After pointing out the impolicy of British laws, which, by ruining Irish industries, had forced such large numbers of Irishmen to emigrate, he added that it was they and their resentment that had secured the final victory. As if foreseeing the later claim to be set up in favor of a then unknown denomination, Gardiner carefully defined these victors: "For I am credibly informed," he proceeded, "that the bulk of the revolted colonists' army was drawn from Irish emigrants, and that the Irish language was as commonly heard in the camp of the enemy as the English tongue." (Irish Debates, 1783.)

Ulster then fought in a noble cause, and was indeed right; and it is a source of pride to Ulstermen who know their history, that the Irish language mingled in the camp of the victors with the tongue of the defeated. The union of Protestant Ulstermen and Catholic Irishmen on that great field gave freedom to America; and the reunion of these parted sons of the one national stock shall yet give freedom to Ireland.

To-day, when the "grim, hard, determined" Ulster face (which must not be confounded with the Ulster Hall face) is assured by some exponent of the doctrine that its owner is not an Irishman, the lie is given by that very face itself, and by the loyally assenting mouth—large, good-humored, kindly, a broad-brimmed Irish mouth; in truth, a veritable estuary of smiles. To tell an Ulsterman to his face—except from a Unionist platform—that he is an alien in his own country, and has nothing in common with the men of Ireland, is to trade upon his ignorance, maybe, and greatly to trust the work of the national schools; but it will not win his affection or reassure his doubting heart.

Indeed, nothing is more remarkable in the effort now being made to array Ulster against Ireland than the fact that every weapon used by the Ulster Separatists has been forged in Ireland, and long since or lately used, but, in every case, used by Irish leaders against England. A strange pass loyalty is brought to when, to assure the Union, the Unionists are forced to ransack the armory of Irish rebellion for the weapons their own loyalty fails to supply! What, for instance, is the present campaign in Ulster but the putting into active practice of the political philosophy of *Sinn Féin*? Ulster, in declaring her intention to set up a provisional government in the event of Great Britain doing something she dislikes, is, almost word for word, applying the maxims first penned for Ireland against the same adversary by Mr. Arthur Griffith. The Indemnity Guarantee Fund for the Volunteers is but the application to loyalist extremity of an idea valiantly put forward six years ago by the most extreme section of Irish Nationalists—the National Council—who organized, from a humbler purse, a definite scheme of "National Insurance" for those of its rank and file who might suffer at the hands of English authority in Ireland.

The capture of the Post Office to-day was begun in 1906 by the *Sinn Féin* party, and an issue of Irish stamps was then actually struck off and largely used, until the Postmaster-General declared that "letters bearing labels resembling a postage stamp will be returned to the sender."

So evident, indeed, is the parallel between the extremists of Belfast "loyalty" and of Dublin disloyalty, that we find the latter in one of its chief organs, "Irish Freedom," proudly claiming Sir Edward Carson's movement as its own. In its September issue, "Irish Freedom" thus commends the attitude of the "Loyalists":—

"Whether Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry and the other Unionist leaders are eager or willing to fight we



doubt, but we have no doubt that a respectable portion of those Ulstermen who are drilling and marching—and our blessing on them—will fight if they are led."

The very arms and motto over the Ulster Hall—that Mecca of Unionist devotion to England—are Irish and not English; the arms of O'Neill and the words *Lamh dearg uachtar* ("Red Hand over all") give the war-cry of the stoutest foemen English rule in Ireland ever met. So, too, we read the same proud defiance, *Lamh dearg Eirinn*, engraved above the chief market-place of the city. In their very buying and selling in the heart of Belfast, the Ulstermen must look up to that historic challenge the Red Hand of Ireland offers to those who dare to claim this Ulster city for the harboring-place of the foreigner.

Despite all feigned forgetfulness, Belfast cannot escape its parentage—Ulster cannot get away from Ireland. Even in the sham fight now being so dramatically stage-managed from Belfast, all the properties (as well as the principal part) come straight out of and are made in Ireland. There are not wanting those, indeed, who see in "The Playboy of the Western World" the genesis of the great rôle now being so gloriously filled on many Ulster platforms. As a Belfast man recently put it to me: "The boy only killed his father with his tongue behind the scenes, but our Boy kills his Mother in full view of us all every time he opens his mouth."

Belfast may not be in Ireland as many English journalists would have us believe, but her people are, for aliens, extraordinarily like the Irish, and if the comic test be applied (an unfailing one to Anglo-Saxon minds) they are surely sons of one mother.

An appeal for funds for the army of resistance to Home Rule was thus presented in the "Belfast News Letter" of September 6th:—

"THE CARSON DEFENCE FUND.  
"SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AT BANBRIDGE.

"A comedy entitled 'The Peacemaker' was given in the Temperance Hall, and was productive of much amusement." The Covenant itself, although professedly of Scottish origin, was undoubtedly conceived in the Four Courts.

The melodies of the Orange bands that annually parade the streets of Ulster towns in warlike defiance of Ireland are mainly of pure Irish origin—native melodies of the earlier Gael which the later settler appropriated with so much else belonging to those he dispossessed.

The Volunteers of to-day—what are these but the revival of Grattan's and Charlemont's patriot army of 1782? And surely, final test of all, is not Belfast irrevocably, inveterately, "agin the Government"?

It is this aspect of Belfast disloyalty (headed by Privy Councillors and King's Counsel) which appeals so strongly to Irishmen that even when Ireland herself be the theme of denunciation, they forgive the words in commendation of the attitude.

The comedy, we see, is of Irish manufacture; but the tragedy, alas! is of English making. Were there no "English Question" to pervert the intelligence and divert the Ulsterman's view from his own affairs, no internal differences of opinion, creed, or calling could prevent him from taking his rightful place in the forefront of Irish life. It has been at once the curse and justification of English rule in Ireland that it can only exist by dividing Irishmen against themselves, and then must continue to exist because of this division.

The claim of the Irish Unionists, based on this division, is that Ireland is a Crown Colony, and must be governed accordingly from Downing Street. If this system, which the Union was undoubtedly designed to maintain, be now tampered with, whether by Legislative Assembly, Devolution, or Parliament House set up in Ireland, then the "natives" will control the machine and the "colonists" must step down from their high place to an equality with those they first conquered and then exploited. This, in a phrase, is the gospel of Carsonism—Ireland a Crown Colony, with no representative control from within, so that the garrison through an external authority may still dominate the white heathen who outnumber them physically, and, it is gravely feared, might surpass them intellectually if they once found their feet. To keep colonist and native from mingling in a common national life is the chief pre-occupation of the Crown Colonists—a pre-occupation derived in truth from a most ignoble fear.

If anyone doubt the intellectual frailty of this fear, he

need only read Mr. William Moore's poem, "The Garrison," in a recent issue of the "Scotsman," or the letter of a Rev. Mr. MacKinstry, from Randalstown Manse, which appeared in the "Belfast News Letter" of September 24th. Mr. Moore's song is that the garrison was sent to Ireland to "still the tribesmen's lawless strife" and "break the strength of Sept and Clan," and that, having done this work, "You bid us now to serve our foes." The Rev. Mr. MacKinstry makes no bones about the foes at all—they are the "natives" of the "Morning Post" with a vengeance. The carnal weapons are not enough for him; the heathen must be overcome by severe fasting. "The sword slays no multitude," as Sir Arthur Chichester said of old in justifying the famine he achieved upon the Irish people three hundred years ago to break the resistance of Ulster to the "planters" of that day, and so we find this latter-day minister of the same gospel proclaiming a solemn fast against the Irish people "in this crisis," straight out of the book of the Prophet Joel:—

"Let the priests (every true Christian is a priest), let the ministers of the Lord weep; and let them say spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach that the heathen should rule over them."

It may be said that these effusions betray only the unbalanced minds of their authors and that the ethics of Unionism must not be judged from the ravings of the minor prophets—*capable de tout*, as Voltaire said. Let us, then, turn to the official text and judge of Carsonism out of the mouth of the Prophet himself.

According to this, the higher ritual, there is only the United Kingdom, composed of one people, "the people." There is no Ireland, no England, no Wales, no separate entity entitled to individual existence, but only a common realm in which Irishmen share with Englishmen and Scotsmen an equal part.

To distinguish between them is invidious; and to say "Ireland thinks this," or "Ireland demands that," is met by the reply, "The country is greater than any of its parts, and we assert the collective right of the United Kingdom as above the sectional claim of mere districts." The Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, we are again and again assured, must be not only supreme—it must be sole arbiter. Ireland must be governed, not as a "local majority" may dictate, but as the will of "the people" decides. But when confronted with the "will of the people" at three successive elections, Sir Edward Carson refuses to accept it, and discovers a fresh authority. The will of a fragment of a section of Ireland must now transcend in value not only the wish of the Irish majority, but the declared will of the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland.

As long as the will of the whole, of "the people," based on ignorance and indifference left Ireland to Crown Colony government, it was not to be gainsaid or questioned; it was the will of the people, and Ireland must bow to it. Now when that indifference and ignorance have largely passed away and Parliament pronounces a verdict against the Crown Colony system, Sir Edward Carson discovers it is not a common realm at all that must decide the issue, but a privileged section of it. "Ulster" alone and single-handed will defy the whole United Kingdom and assert the sanctity of Crown Colony government against the baseness of this democratic betrayal.

Not forty General Elections will induce "Ulster" to recognize the natives; rather than that, we are told, Ireland will be drenched in blood.

A more baleful conception of duty to one's country it were hard to conceive. There is an explanation of it that those who have read Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's "Land War in Ireland" may sorrowfully admit.

But this explanation only enforces the argument against Crown Colony rule, for it shows us how an irresponsible Executive may corrupt the best intelligence to its end, and how law when used as an engine of oppression, without the check of public opinion to control it, may degrade once Liberal minds to resentment against those they were employed to defame and wrong.

Surely the task and fame of reuniting Ireland and directing the energies of a not forgetful people into healthy channels of national effort should be a far nobler one to leave behind than to go down to posterity as the would-be yet impotent Clare of the twentieth century.—Yours, &c.,

ROGER CASEMENT.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE STRIKE AND THE LAW.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Cornish Clay Strike is at an end. The men have been completely beaten. The masters have not yielded an inch. The Union is not recognized, and will for a time probably disappear. The rates of pay remain unaltered. If a social archaeologist hereafter were to disinter the record of the struggle of the last two months, and had to fix the date of these events on the evidence of the temper and attitude of the masters and the deficient organization of the men, he would put the struggle as having taken place at some time about 1850.

Not unnaturally, there is some recrimination. The men's organization was bad. They were not affiliated to the General Federation of Trade Unions. Their leaders are criticised. But this is unprofitable work.

The discussion as to whether the present wage is or is not a living wage goes on. Except to those who explain the men's action as induced by "paid agitators" (a facile explanation that finds much favor here), the mere fact of the strike is some evidence that conditions were not wholly satisfactory. A good local authority estimated that 75 per cent. of the men got a living wage, and 25 per cent. did not. The men's leaders dispute this. The employers do not argue. But, if these figures are right, plainly the pecuniary loss to the employers of granting the men's demands would have been small in comparison with the losses entailed by the strike.

Local observers estimate (but it is at best a guess) that of the 5,000 men affected, about 10 per cent. will have wandered away to other employment, or perhaps emigrated. The rest will be back at work, poorer, more exasperated with social conditions. The strike leaves a trail of misery, and the local relief fund last Friday (October 3rd) amounted only to about £210.

The Cornish ratepayer will pay the bill for the police imported from Glamorgan, Bristol, and elsewhere. Oddly enough, if he is a farmer, he will, according to the "Guardian" (not the Church paper, but the Cornish "Guardian"), pay it gladly; it is not for anything so useless as education. On the contrary, a higher rate for the suppression of strikes appeals to the farmer as a good investment: higher wages at the clay works means higher wages on the land. At all costs, Cornish agricultural wages must not go the way of Durham.

One serious criminal charge has arisen out of the strike: A young man fired off a loaded revolver in a *mêlée* and wounded a policeman. Fortunately, the constable is recovering. But the man is charged with attempted murder, and the magistrates refuse bail. Apart from this, there is a small crop of charges against strikers of using obscene language. The evidence is generally police evidence. The magistrates convict and impose fines. A noticeable feature of the police evidence is that the police witnesses speak of members of the public as "civilians." The ordinary policeman apparently regards himself as a member of a military force, and develops an *esprit de corps* which, however admirable in war, is apt to detract from his impartiality in the witness-box.

These are random remarks, but I make them because I wish to suggest to readers of THE NATION what I have felt myself—that when a strike breaks out in a district like this the whole administration of the law is at once inspired with the idea that a striker is already potentially a criminal. He is watched by the police like a dangerous beast; he is threatened long before he does anything; he is made to feel that the law is in hostile hands; not so much a force representing the organized will of a community, of which he is himself a part, as a weapon in his employer's hands, a net spread for his feet, a bludgeon for his head. It needs no saying that this sort of teaching is very dangerous to social order and parliamentary government.

In answer to the fair question which your readers may put to me—What change in the law do I suggest? I do not wish now to discuss any far-reaching changes on the lines of Australasian or Canadian legislation. The time will, no doubt, come when these methods will be tried. I plead

merely, here and now, for a more sympathetic administration of the existing law during a strike. Let the men feel that it is *their* law and not merely their employers'. When a strike is threatened, let the Industrial Council or the Board of Trade automatically inquire and issue an authoritative statement as to the actual conditions of pay and labor. We have had no such authoritative pronouncement in Cornwall. When a strike is in operation, do not overrun the district with police till it looks like Russian Poland. First, see if the strikers damage property; if they do, let the county rate make good the damage to the owner (I write away from books, so I am not sure whether this would require legislation: in Ireland it would not). Probably this will cost less than importing a large number of police. Concentrate your police for the protection of persons, if persons are in danger, rather than of property. Throw on the strikers themselves in the first instance some part of the responsibility for public order. Do not issue menacing and loosely worded police proclamations. If you have to use the police, do so by way of resistance and not of aggression. If there is an affray and an inquiry is demanded, hold it; do not refuse it, as did the Home Office after the trouble at Bugle. Inquiries do not cost much, and if the result can only be to vindicate the police, so much the better. Do not always and everywhere exert the whole force of society on behalf of the blacklegs, at any rate when your preliminary inquiry has shown that the conditions struck against are, from the public standpoint, indefensible. For these purposes a *sine quâ non* is the appointment of a large number of magistrates from the ranks of the working classes.

If there could be this change in administrative methods, the next time there is trouble in the clay works (and trouble there will be), we may hope that it may be got over with less exasperation and less suffering both to the workmen and to the community.—Yours, &c.,

A BARRISTER.

Cornwall, October 5th, 1913.

P.S.—It is pleasant to be able to add that as soon as the strike was definitely over, on Monday, October 6th, the magistrates showed good humor and good sense in merely binding over a number of men charged with offences arising in the course of the strike, and allowed bail to the unfortunate youth who will have to meet a charge of attempted murder at Bodmin Assizes.

October 8th, 1913.

### THE LAND INQUIRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "E. M.," comes to the conclusion that a tax on land values has only to be adopted to achieve, what we all desire, a greatly increased production from the soil of Great Britain.

This tax is almost invariably put forward by its advocates as a panacea for the regeneration of the countryside, but without any arguments or explanation as to their reasons for thinking that it will bring about the desired object. How are the great landowners, to whom "E. M." refers, or indeed any other landowners, to be induced to develop their estates by the imposition of this tax? One infers from "E. M.'s" letter that the amount to be exacted from them in land tax will so greatly reduce their rentals that they will find it necessary to develop their property in order to restore their incomes to their former level. "E. M." apparently overlooks the fact that there is only one method by which the production of the soil and the income from it can be increased, and that is by the expenditure of capital upon it. This capital is, in many cases, not expended now solely for the reason that the return upon it is so poor. Would there be any greater inducement with a land tax in operation? Assume a slightly greater inducement, owing to the assessment not being raised in respect of additional improvements, and that the return on the capital will, in consequence, be  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. instead of 3 per cent. Will not the landowner still argue that a better return can be secured from stocks and shares? Will he not also be apprehensive that the land tax may be raised, thus reducing his total return from the land, even if improved, and will he not therefore be wise in considering the land as a bad investment, and seek to restore the depletion of his income through the agency of the tax by investment in other directions?



It would be most interesting if someone of those who favor the land tax would give an exposition of its practical working in your columns. Let him confine himself entirely for the moment to the consideration of the problem as to how it will increase the production of the soil—in urban areas the problem is quite different. Let him say on what portion of the land value it is to be levied, what is to be its amount, and whether all buildings in rural areas are to be entirely free from the present burden of rates, the land tax providing the amount now contributed by them.

It may be my fault that I have not seen the land-taxers' definite proposals with regard to rural areas. Certain it is, however, that the principle is often advocated, and that details are seldom, if ever, given. May we now have something definite for the benefit of those who, like myself, have been unfortunate enough to miss the expositions of the policy which may have appeared in your columns?—Yours, &c.,

C. W. TOMKINSON.

Willington Hall, Tarporley.  
October 1st, 1913.

### "KIDNAPPING BY ORDER."

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Justice," in his letter which appears in last week's NATION, expresses the ordinary stereotyped official view. I hope you will not be misled by it. It is the very spirit effused by "Justice" in his letter that one wishes to condemn absolutely; for so long as it pervades our governing of India, there will be—there must be—discontent, unrest somewhere.—Yours, &c.,

OLD HAND

October 7th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Justice," instead of being true to his name, has, unfortunately, adopted the rôle of a defending counsel. In his eagerness to whitewash the Indian bureaucracy, he has not only obscured the simple issues of the case in a cloud of plausibilities and irrelevant generalities, but has been misled into some erroneous statements.

I was in Kathiawar at the time of the occurrences in question, and have a personal knowledge of some of the inner aspects of the case. Your correspondent says that the young Nawab was "in the zenana," and that it was deemed necessary to remove him from it. As a matter of fact, ever since the death of his father, the child was made to live outside the town of Junagadh, in a separate house with his tutor and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Turkhud—and subsequently with Mr. and Mrs. Tudor-Owen. He was not allowed to see his mother for more than an hour or two daily. The only influences about him—wholesome or otherwise—were chiefly Western. Surely it could not be urged, with any show of reason, that it was of "vital importance" to remove the boy from this atmosphere, which was wholly the creation of the English authorities, nor could it be justly argued that the training best suited to enable the young Chief "to be a real father of his people" was to place him in surroundings naturally tending to denationalize him at a dangerously early age by separating him from the real life and traditions of his own race and creed and of his future subjects. Your correspondent's statement that the minority Administrator arranged for the boy's regular visits to a mosque, omits any reference to the significant fact that this was done on the insistence of his mother, and with a view to silence her in regard to the need of religious instruction for her son.

"Justice," in his letter, recalls the fact that the elder son of the late Nawab died in 1908, at the early age of twenty-seven, but he does not mention that his death—as is well-known—was entirely due to the drink habit. The late Nawab and his family, rightly or wrongly, attributed this fatal habit to the weakening of the wholesome Moslem prohibition against wine. This weakening was brought about by his constant association with his English tutors, with whom he was sometimes compelled to take his meals. In her memorial, the Dowager Begum refers to the insidious influence of example. Can it be denied that a Moslem boy, wholly cut off from Islamic surroundings, is likely to imitate this habit from the unconscious example of those who do not look upon spirituous drinks with a sense of repugnance peculiar to Islam, but whose civilization imposes upon them

a certain degree of moderation, which a Moslem youth may not be able to exercise, when once the bonds of his creed are loosened in this respect? In this connection, the tragic fate of the young Nawab of Radhanpur, who at one time was placed under somewhat similar conditions, ought to serve as a warning to those true friends of British rule in India who are anxious to consolidate the allegiance and loyalty of Indian ruling princes to the British Crown.

I am one of the admirers of Lord Sydenham, and his great claims upon public gratitude are undeniable. In supporting the family arrangement planned at Junagadh, I believe the Governor was misguided by his advisers. The honesty of his own motives cannot be questioned for a moment. But, at the same time, it cannot be gainsaid that the arrangement had the apparent effect, as the Dowager Begum hints in her memorial, of benefiting the English tutor and his wife. It may be assumed that personal advantage was not the impelling cause of the arrangement, but British repute requires that, like the virtue of Caesar's wife, it should be above the slightest suspicion.

The most deplorable aspect of the case, however, is the ruthlessness with which the feelings of the mother have been trampled upon, and the dignity and filial attachment of the minor Chief sacrificed by wrenching him from his mother, and making him subserve the convenience of his tutor and his wife. "Justice" tells us "he is now making excellent progress in this country," but he does not say in what manner. My information is that the boy is not attending either a preparatory or a public school, and is not learning anything which he could not have learnt much better in India. Why has he, then, been brought here? The minor Nawab certainly did not wish to be separated from his mother, to whom he is devoted, and to cross the ocean on a purposeless errand. Your correspondent's assertion to the contrary is unfounded. Was the supplication of his mother to appoint another English tutor during Mr. Tudor-Owen's absence on leave considered at all?

It is a gratuitous insult to the Begum to say that she is "ignorant and illiterate." She is an intelligent lady, and is most solicitous for the real welfare of her son. She is not opposed to Western civilization, but, at the same time, she realizes the danger of denationalizing her son at an age when he could not be expected to steer clear of the influences which tend in that direction.

It will be news to "Justice" that whatever else Mrs. Tudor-Owen's "motherly care" may have done for the young Nawab, she and her husband were not in Junagadh when he was "saved from death." Mr. and Mrs. Turkhud were in charge of the boy during his severe illness, to which your correspondent refers.

An undeserved stigma is cast on the "old style of ruler" who has not received his education in England. But the old style of ruler has generally been a "real father to his people," and most unswerving and whole-hearted in his loyalty to the Throne. Hardly any of the most enlightened native chiefs of the present day have received their early education in England, and the very few who were sent to this country at a tender age have not come up to the expectations of their friends, as the bracing moral and intellectual atmosphere of the West cannot be expected to produce the same result in all cases, at any age, and under all conditions and circumstances.

It may be mentioned that the inhuman treatment which the young Chief's mother has received has impaired and is now affecting her health to such an extent that it is feared she may not survive, though she is still young, to see her son return to Junagadh. You, sir, have maintained the reputation of British chivalry and justice by disinterestedly championing the cause of a helpless woman and her only son. The sensitive plant of Anglo-Indian chivalry is apt to wilt in the warm climate of India, and the Goddess of Justice there is often incapable of making a full use of her second eye. She looks at most things from the single point of view of the omniscient bureaucrat, whose determination to assert and maintain his infallibility and divine right of interference at the cost of the goodwill of a patient and docile people is one of the causes of the increasing unrest in India. There is small chance of even a grave mistake of this kind being rectified.—Yours, &c.,

FAIRPLAY.

October 8th, 1913.

## THE SECOND CHAMBER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The interesting suggestion that a Second Chamber might be constructed, with the function of co-ordinating and codifying the results of legislative processes in the House of Commons, is one that should be discussed on its own merits. But, so far as what is generally understood by the term "Second Chamber" is concerned, it seems sufficient to say that such a body would in no way meet the demands and purposes of those who support the Second Chamber principle.

It is when we come to consider the other plan hinted at in your correspondence columns last week that the dangers attending the "fancy" constructions now so much put forward come into view. The House of Commons, mistrusting its own competence to make laws, is to elect a certain number of men who will be suddenly transfigured from party politicians into unearthly paragons of impartiality, and thereupon transferred to a legislative Valley of Avalon where they will be out of reach of the clamorous voices of the constituencies. Why, even Cabinet Ministers are, *as yet*, under the necessity of seeking re-election upon their acceptance of office! What democratic principle can be discovered that bids a nation, now at last entering upon the task of full self-government, to tie its hands and stultify its soul by this mechanical plan, which, after all, is only recommended in the interests of frustration and delay? It is said that the legislative change may be too rapid, and therefore a revising chamber is needed. But the idea is really self-defeating, for if you take away full responsibility from the House of Commons, and leave the prerogative of ultimate discretion and decision to another body, the result is to encourage every kind of rashness in the House which you have robbed of its hard-won franchise—examples of which have appeared by anticipation when the House of Commons has been advised to put into a Bill "something for the Lords to worry"—i.e., to provide a basis for bargaining and compromise. There is no salvation in any of these devices from the nation's unwisdom, if and when it is unwise.

It rests with Second Chamber advocates to show that the idea is in keeping with our historic development. The House of Lords, says Taswell-Langmead, "is the lineal representative of the old Great Councils" of the Norman and Plantagenet kings. Only by slow steps were the Commons allowed to join its deliberations, then separated into a Lower House, then ranged in growing hostility to its claims, and at last placed in clear predominance over it. That is, the Lords were once a First Chamber, and never (in the present sense) a Second Chamber, except when it suited politicians to assume the rôle.

As to the pledge by which Liberalism is supposed to be committed to a House of Uncommons, no doubt the pledge is a fact; but it was not Liberalism that made it.—Yours, &c.,

W. WHITAKER.

21, Parsonage Road, Wittington.

October 7th, 1913.

## "ULSTER MAKE-BELIEVE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Among the primary causes of the rising in Albania you cite "the Albanian's *natural* (my italics) hatred of domination under his hereditary Serb enemies." For "Albanian's" read "North-east Ulsterman's," and for "Serb" substitute "Catholic," and you have the Ulster trouble in a nutshell. Hereditary feuds are, I know, an absurdity in a fast-moving age like ours, and wise people will refrain from indulging the lust of mere traditional or sectional hatreds; but we have to take human nature as we find it, in Ireland as in the Balkans. And the Orangeman is not wholly irrational in his quarrel with Nationalism. As Mr. A. M. Sullivan admits in his letter last week, he has intelligible grounds for his apprehensions. Irish top-dog has always bullied Irish under-dog since history began to be written, and a political judiciary is a useful stick for ascendancy (whether Protestant or Catholic) to beat an opponent with. Nor is the Orangeman ignorant, as I am credibly informed, of the subtle art of jury-packing; and he also knows it to be a game at which two can play. "Most naturally," therefore, as Mr. Sullivan says, is he aghast at the prospect of having the tables turned on him now by

a Nationalist administration, and illusory legislative "safeguards" he laughs to scorn. He sees, too, or thinks he sees, in the Ancient Order of Hibernians a grave menace to his future well-being; and I, for one, cannot blame him if he elects to fight rather than be placed under the heel of that sinister camarilla. Surely, the prime necessity of the case is some impartial arbiter between the quarrelsome factions; and is not the nearest approach to such an arbiter—the only possible one, in fact—to be found in poor old blundering, but well-meaning, John Bull? Remove his rather heavy hand wherever with safety you can; let him be guided and advised to a much greater extent than heretofore by the best Irish opinion; but remember that the clumsy dualism, the complex and irritating system of divided authority, set up by the Home Rule Bill can never bring the peace that beyond all else Ireland needs.

In your estimate of the difficulties which would beset a Provisional Government in Belfast you leave out of account the assistance which the Irish Protestants would receive from Great Britain. In the event of a real row (which may Heaven avert!) money and volunteers, for one thing, would not be wanting. You do not, I think, sufficiently appreciate the intensity of feeling which the treatment accorded to Ulster evokes on this side of St. George's Channel. That feeling is far from universal, I admit, but it widely exists, and it is shared by political independents as well as pronounced partisans. There are many of us, Conservative Moderates like your correspondent, Mr. Muntz, mugwumps like myself with a detached view on politics at large, who side wholeheartedly and almost unreservedly with the Northern Protestants in this controversy. Our personal interests in Irish affairs are only indirect ones, and we sympathise greatly with Irishmen of all classes and creeds in what we believe they suffer under clumsy, wasteful, and unsympathetic Castle rule; but in this matter of dragoning, *vi et armis*, the powerful and virile Ulster minority, we feel—well, we feel very strongly indeed. We greatly dislike the notion of driving large masses of efficient and valuable citizens out of the shelter of British law, under which they have achieved such a splendid position in the world; the task of forcing them to exchange a rule which wholly contents them for a domination they dread and detest is most repugnant to us. And the repugnance deepens into disgust when we reflect that their proposed future rulers are men whom they naturally regard (just as the Albanian regards the Serbs) as "hereditary enemies," men alien to them in race, creed, character, sentiment, and economic outlook; men, too, who have much fish of their own to fry in the re-organized Irish household, many bones to pick with their newly made subjects in the North, and many old scores to pay off. You may count, perhaps, the vehemence of our sentiments as the measure of their irrationality; you may deplore "the sharp division of faith and feeling" between Hibernians and Orangemen as mere out-of-date sectarian prejudice or seventeenth-century bigotry run mad; but practical statesmanship cannot afford to make light of these things. The ship of state needs very careful handling just now; and the skipper who at such a crisis loses his head, rushes to the speaking-tube, and bawls out, "Full steam ahead," should be provided, temporarily at any rate, with another job.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

Woodnesborough, Eastry, Kent.

October 7th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out to your readers that Mr. C. Alex. Muntz, in his letter in your issue of the 4th inst., unwittingly confirms the main contention of those of us who think that the hard-headed business men of Ulster have nothing to fear from Home Rule, and that, on the contrary, they are bound to secure, and, in fact, to get voluntarily, a leading place in the self-government of Ireland? His words are: "Where a race is dominant through force of character, it will impress itself and its will on its neighbors quite irrespective of majorities or minorities. The white man extinguished the red, and superimposed himself upon the black, and the Anglo-Saxon, by the sheer force of his characteristics, drove out and subdued the Celt."—Yours, &c.,

D. M. S.

October 7th, 1913.



## ARE WAGES BOARDS EFFECTIVE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of the alleged intention of the Liberal leaders to extend the application of Wages Boards in this country, the following interesting statement by the Chief Inspector of Factories in Victoria, which appeared in the Melbourne "Age" of July 1st, deserves the serious consideration of all concerned:—

"Wages have gone up," says Mr. Murphy, "yet it is questionable whether the artisan is much better off. It is certain that his position does not improve proportionately with his increase of wages. The reason is that the cost of commodities has gone up as rapidly as the wages, or even more so. Who, then, is getting the benefit? There is little doubt that the answer to that question is the employer. Yet the legislation that secures increase in wages was designed to help, not the employer, but the artisan. If it does not benefit the artisan, but instead enables someone else to grow rich, it is clear that there is something wrong in our system. Can we go back and set it right? No, because there is no way of bettering it. Each of the Australian States has a system which has only a slight family resemblance to the other five systems. Different systems again are in force in England, America, and Europe. No two systems are alike, and not one of them has attained the object aimed at. Some have done a little more than others, but every one of them is expensive to administer and unsatisfactory in its results. There is one common characteristic—they grow every day more complicated, more expensive, and a greater incubus and hindrance on trade."

In his annual report to Parliament, Mr. Murphy states that out of a total of 600,000 workers in all industries throughout the State, 150,000, or 25 per cent., are affected by the 131 wages boards already authorised. So that to give the 150,000 a temporary advantage, which is almost immediately swallowed up in higher prices, 450,000 must have their purchasing power permanently reduced.

Is it any wonder, in view of this official testimony, that the more acute Conservatives and landowners are chortling at the advent of this exquisite red herring across the scent of the taxation of land values?—Yours, &c.,

C. W. SORESENSEN.

York, October 3rd, 1913.

## THE CASE OF MISS KERR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All lovers of justice will be grateful to you for once more referring to the case of Miss Harriet Kerr. In to-day's "Daily News" is a report of a correspondence between Mr. Atherley Jones and the Home Secretary. It is stated that the Home Secretary has offered to remit the remainder of Miss Kerr's sentence provided she will give an assurance not to break the law in the furtherance of her political objects. This Miss Kerr has refused to do—in the opinion of many, quite rightly, as she points out that she never has broken the law, and bases her appeal on the ground of the injustice of her original conviction. It is a curious fact that quite recently Miss Evelyn Sharp, a well-known militant, and one who has been in prison more than once, and once for window-breaking, should be released quite unconditionally from serving the remainder of her sentence; whereas Miss Kerr, who, by the finding of the Court, had never taken part in any militancy whatsoever, is arrested and re-arrested.

Well may you ask, "Why this punishment and re-punishment?"—Yours, &c.,

K. DOUGLAS-SMITH.

26, Erskine Hill, N.W.

October 6th, 1913.

## INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION LEAGUE STATISTICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Successful arbitration is so inconceivable without scrupulous accuracy on both sides, that I feel sure you will insert the following rectification. I may premise that I write as a believer in the ultimate future of international arbitration, but as one who feels, with J. S. Mill, the interim necessity of some such defensive militia as has existed for centuries in Switzerland.

Leaflet 11 of the International Arbitration League contains a criticism of the Swiss system by Mr. John Ward, M.P. for Stoke. Mr. Ward questioned the manager of a

large factory near Zürich (unnamed), upon the industrial effect of the autumn manoeuvres, and reports the replies as follows:—

"(1) For that time the factory might as well be closed; (2) nearly half the workmen are absent on service; and (3) that disorganises our business to such an extent that each year much work which we might have goes to your country."

Knowing how exaggerated these statements were, I took advantage of a Swiss tour to check them this summer. Sending round a printed list of questions to a large number of firms of all sorts and sizes, taken at random from a directory, I received answers from 46 of them, employing an aggregate of 9,263 men. The smallest had only 6, the largest 2,296. Let me here confront these answers with Mr. Ward's assertions.

(1) Not one of the 46 answers bore this out; 45 answered "No," and the remaining answer ran: "We consider that a manufactory would be very unlucky for this to happen."

(2) The figures are even more eloquent in contradiction. The highest simultaneous absence quoted by any factory was 20 per cent., and this is about double of the average figure.

(3) Here, again, 45 answer "No," and are generally not content without some fortifying phrase, like "*pas du tout*." "It is easy to make one's arrangements," writes precisely that manager who had suffered from the greatest proportion of absentees (20 per cent.); and, as he only employed 33 men, his answer may be put side by side with the only answer which does not begin with "No." This runs: "The months which the Swiss citizens pass under military service are, in our opinion, more disadvantageous to small industries than to great ones; the larger manufacturer can more easily balance his output, and has less of a struggle with his rivals."

It will be seen, therefore, that the I.A.L. leaflet gives a very false impression indeed. Mr. Ward only quotes a single case; this may have been very exceptional, or the linguistic difficulty may have played its part in what was, confessedly, a *vitâ-voce* dialogue. In any case, the public ought now to know the informant's name, and a written statement from him should be published. We shall then be in a position to see (1) *whether*, and if so (2) *why*, this Zürich Manager's experience is so different from that of his 46 brethren.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

October 2nd, 1913.

## THE FREEDOM OF TEACHERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One of the discussions at the recent meeting of the British Association was concerned with the place of the modern University in the State. It is to be regretted that nothing was said as to the method of securing for these Universities a form of government which should safeguard the interests of education, while providing for the public, which contributes increasingly to their support, a reasonable security that its money is being spent wisely.

Public support comes to the new University from two sources—the taxes and the rates. With regard to the former the Board of Education acts as almoner, and presumably may exercise a strict control over the manner in which its grants are spent. Although experience in other branches of education made some people deplore the transfer of the right to dispense grants from the Treasury to the Board of Education, the authorities of the latter body have shown a wise determination to interfere as little as possible with the internal affairs of the Universities so long as they provide higher education of a kind likely to meet the country's needs.

The Municipal grant, however, is administered otherwise. The modern University usually has two governing bodies, Senate and Council, one consisting of the academic staff, the other of people interested in University work and possible benefactors. It is clear that if the Council has unlimited powers it can ignore the Senate and dictate on matters which vitally affect the welfare of the University, such as the choice of professors, the range of studies, and the conditions for degrees. Where a University is dependent on Municipal grants it is usual for some members of the City Council to find a place on the University Council. This is quite proper, but there is clearly the danger that if the

City Councillor finds himself thwarted on the University Council he will move for a reduction of the Municipal grant. City Councillors are rarely men of experience in academic matters. They are prone to regard the University as a sort of Council School, and to think of the teaching staff as they think of their school teachers, regarding them as their paid servants.

Hence arises the danger of giving a University Council the chief voice in the direction of its affairs. The University professor is not worth much if he accepts the direction of the average City Councillor in matters of education. A proper division of powers between Senate and Council would leave to the former all decisions concerning appointments to the staff, the range of studies, and the award of degrees. The Council would accept the recommendations of the Senate on all these points, so far as its financial resources allowed. It is only by giving this measure of academic freedom that we can get the best out of the modern Universities. The case of Bristol shows the danger of having a Council which overrides the views of the Senate. It would indeed appear that at Bristol the process has gone so far that the Senate has assumed an attitude of humiliating deference towards the Council, allowing some of its members to be dismissed and others to be flouted without maintaining its first and proper attitude of protest. The result has been to make Bristol a term of reproach among the modern Universities, and to increase greatly the risk of bringing University education under a fatally rigid control.

Of late, the Board of Education has given greater freedom to the teacher in the elementary school, and the results are full of promise. It is not too much to hope that in its capacity as dispenser of public funds to the Universities it will insist, as a condition of the grant, that the freedom of teachers shall be ensured. In the matter of Bristol especially, the Board should at once institute an inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining how far the views of the Senate have been ignored by the Council in such matters as the granting of degrees and the appointment and removal of members of the teaching staff.—Yours, &c.,

September 30th, 1913.

FREEDOM.

#### "THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your paragraph about "The Fairchild Family," in your last issue, you appear to be unaware that we issued this book a few years ago, profusely illustrated by F. M. Rudland. Mrs. Sherwood's volume was edited for us by Mary E. Palgrave, in order to "omit much that would now be felt to be unsuitable for childish minds." May we ask you to correct this statement?—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH W. DARTON.

(Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co., Ltd.)

3 and 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

October 6th, 1913.

[We are at a loss to know what statement Mr. Darton wishes to have corrected. The paragraph to which he refers dealt with the edition edited by Lady Strachey, and published by Messrs. Black. It made no mention of the edition published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co., but it does not follow that the writer was unaware of its existence.—ED., NATION.]

#### CHATTER ABOUT THE BIRTH-RATE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article entitled "The Refusal to Multiply" irritates me. Forgive me. The Registrar-General reports the facts of to-day; to twist his figures into sensational prophecy of what things will be "in a generation or so" is unauthorised and dangerous, especially if you take only one figure. The "birth-rate" is only one figure; but it fascinates because the birth-rate has declined. The report shows that the population of England and Wales grows greater each year, and year by year, by practically the same number. Is this "shrinkage"? There may be an inflow from Scotland, Ireland, or elsewhere. But is that disaster? Taking solely the excess of births over deaths, the increase is practically 10 per cent. Is that "stagnation"? The truth is that "birth-rate" is a fallacy and a pitfall; for the "rate" is the proportion of births to the "number of

people living"; from which it follows that if the living do not die, the "rate" of births may diminish whilst the number of births increases. The population does not die off as it used to do. The dear "old folk" remain. (God bless 'em! Long may they enjoy their ripe old age!) The terrible infantile mortality is stanchd. Poor innocents, on which Christian England out-Heroded Herod every month! Never were persons over seventy and under ten so large a proportion of the nation. But are we the worse for having the bairns and the old folk about us, and that therefore the "rate" of births "per total population" is diminished? You make sensational comparisons with 1876—a fall in the birth "rate" to total population of 31 per cent., equal to 400,000 births! I decline to be harrowed. The actual births in 1876 were 887,968, and in 1911 were 881,138; whilst the deaths under one year of age were 146 "per 1,000 born" in 1876, and 95 in 1912. Is the nation ruined because 7,000 less are born, if the net result at even one year of age is that 46,000 more have been added to the population? And this without the aid of the greatly increased number of "old women and children" who "refuse to multiply"! Oh! let us have a few facts instead of misleading "rates" and "percentages." A notable fact is that "the women of conceptive age" (as the Registrar-General delicately calls them) marry in greater numbers than before. Is that national decay? The marriages are made a little later in life. Is that all foolishness and wickedness? The later marriages yield a slight reduction in "fertility" in the number of actual births; but the fewer children of the more mature mother are better cared for, and more survive. Is that all loss? The Registrar-General, whose business it is to register births and deaths, may glorify the young mother who has "had seven and buried four"; but the older mother who has "had four" and reared them all in health and comfort is the better citizen.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MUNDELLA.

#### Poetry.

##### THE MOTHER.

"MARY, why should your face be bruised,  
Bruised and dank with undried tears?  
Why have your eyes mine eyes refused,  
Why are you faint with fears?  
What greyed your hair and weeded it thin,  
Why offer your breasts a pillow of skin,  
To the baby that nestles your arms within?  
Mary, Mother, what is your moan,  
Why do you shiver and weep alone?  
Mary, Mother of children seven,  
How have you sunk to Hell from Heaven?"

"I've toiled and tended from night to morn  
A baby who had no need to be born."

"Hush! Mother Mary! Speak not so sad,  
Silence! A mother should ever be glad!  
God is the Father of every child.  
Mother! silence! Speak not so wild!"

"Then, as the evening sank to night,  
The baby's life went out with the light.  
Even a baby's body can levy  
A tax on a mother's heart too heavy:  
Even a baby that nobody wanted  
Can capture a heart. My heart's fair haunted  
With my wee baby's cries and moans,  
Little dead smiles and feeble bones,  
Tiny dark curls that creep round your finger,  
Little sweet glances that hover and linger,  
Till my heart's become one agonised flutter.  
But—the baby's dead—So put up the shutter!"

"Where is her father to kiss your tear?"

"He's sousing and swilling his soul in beer;  
While my six children are asking for bread.  
I wish I lay with my baby, dead."

RUTH YOUNG.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy." By the Right Hon. Lord Newton. (Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net.)
- "The Life of Henry Labouchere." By A. L. Thorold. (Constable. 18s. net.)
- "The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley." By Thomas Medwin. With an Introduction and Commentary by H. Buxton Forman. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Jane Austen." By F. Warre Cornish. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)
- "Walter Pater: A Critical Study." By Edward Thomas. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Pillars of Society." By A. G. Gardiner. (Nisbet. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Personality in Literature." By R. A. Scott James. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Revolutionary Syndicalism: An Exposition and a Criticism." By J. A. Estey. (P. S. King. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Gardener." By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Loiterer's Harvest." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 5s.)
- "The Empresses of Constantinople." By Joseph McCabe. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "A Fair Conspirator: Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse." By H. Noel Williams. (Methuen. 15s. net.)
- "The Humor of Homer and Other Essays." By Samuel Butler. Edited by R. A. Streatfeild. (Fifield. 5s. net.)
- "The Dark Flower." By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s.)
- "Le Roman Réaliste sous le Second Empire." Par Pierre Martino. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)
- "La Rose des Ruines" Roman. Par Victor Margueritte. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

NOTHING less than the discovery of Atlantis by a German professor is the subject of a book entitled "The Voice of Africa" which Messrs. Hutchinson have in the press. But far from being in any way fanciful, the volume is an account of a scientific expedition which made its way through Togoland, Nigeria, and the Cameroons a couple of years ago. Its leader, Professor Frobenius, has discovered the remains of an aged civilization of high culture, and he has become quite convinced that the district is the lost Atlantis of the ancients. It will require very forcible evidence to convince most readers of this theory; but the book, which has been translated by Mr. Rudolf Blind, contains much curious information about the customs of the tribes, including a description of the author's initiation into the Ogboni League, a native secret society which still practises ritual murder.

In spite of Lamb's advice to "get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers," we imagine that "The Journal of John Woolman's Life and Travels in the Service of the Gospel" finds but few readers. Possibly Mr. Teignmouth Shore's "John Woolman: His Life and our Times," to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, may do something to turn attention towards Woolman. Mr. Shore has told the story of Woolman's life by a selection from the letters and the "Journal," and he thus gives a picture of colonial life in the seventeenth century and of the beginnings of the movement against negro slavery.

EVERY publishing season adds considerably to the number of books dealing with the French Revolution and Napoleon, and this autumn will be no exception to the rule. One of the most promising, which will be issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall within the next couple of weeks, is "The Journal of A British Chaplain in Paris during the Peace Negotiations of 1801-2." This is the unpublished Diary of the Rev. Dawson Warren, the brother-in-law of Francis Jackson, who was Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris. Warren was in a position to make the acquaintance of everybody of note in Paris, from the First Consul downwards, and as we are assured that he was a keen observer, his "Journal" is likely to make some useful additions to our knowledge of the period.

A book of a different character, but one which will also be welcomed by students of the period, is Mr. F. J. MacCunn's "English Contemporary Opinion on Napoleon." This is Mr. MacCunn's first book, and in attempting to give a full account of how Napoleon appeared during his lifetime to people of this country, he has chosen a subject that has

hitherto received little attention from Napoleon's many biographers.

"SPLENDID FAILURES" is the title of a collection of biographical studies by Mr. Harry Graham, which will be published next week by Mr. Edward Arnold. Among those whom Mr. Graham places in the category of his title are Hartley Coleridge; Wolfe Tone; Toussaint L'Ouverture; Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico; and Charles Townshend, the politician of Pitt's days whose "champagne speech" still lives in history.

WE are glad to see that a new edition of John Mitchell's famous "Jail Journal" is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mitchell was the son of a Presbyterian minister in County Derry, and he became one of the leaders of the Young Ireland Party shortly after its formation. He started "The United Irishman" in 1848, but he was promptly sentenced to fourteen years' transportation on a charge of "treason-felony." His "Jail Journal" is a powerful piece of thinking and writing, which has had considerable influence on Irish feeling.

SOME months ago we drew attention to M. Boyer d'Agen's reprint of "Les Mémoires de Lady Newborough" and to the revival of interest in the Chiappini affair which it caused. English readers who like to investigate historical mysteries will soon have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the case for Lady Newborough, as a translation of the "Mémoires" is to be published by Mr. Nash. Lady Newborough's claim to be the daughter of Philippe Egalité and to have been exchanged in childhood for the boy who afterwards became Louis Philippe, has not hitherto found much support, though M. Boyer d'Agen's researches at the Vatican Library have strengthened the evidence in her favor. The first edition of the "Mémoires" was bought up, it is said by Louis Philippe, and is marked in catalogues as "exceedingly rare," but a copy was recently discovered on a London bookstall and acquired for the modest sum of a couple of shillings.

THE rapid growth of the issue of French books by British publishers is now a notable feature in the world of books. Messrs. Nelson's "French Classics" and Messrs. Dent's "Chefs-d'Œuvres de la Littérature Française" have both met with success, and the latter firm have this week begun a new series called "The Collection Gallia." It is under the editorship of Dr. Charles Sarolea, and contains works of both classical and contemporary literature. The volumes are very well produced, and in many cases there are short introductions by French writers of distinction. Yet another series, to be called "Pages d'Histoire," is announced by Messrs. Jack. The early volumes will include "Les Français au Canada" by Colonel Picard, of the Historical Section of the French Ministry of War, "Duplex, Conquérant des Indes" by Madame Judith Gautier, and "Une Reine de Seize Ans" by M. Rudolph Bringer.

A LITERARY and journalistic anniversary occurs on Saturday—the centenary of the birth of Louis Veillot, the French journalist and man of letters whose violent campaigns in favor of Catholicism and in opposition to the Second Empire made the "Univers" one of the most lively journals of the middle of the nineteenth century. It was twice suppressed, and Veillot's gift for invective provoked several duels. With the possible exception of Joseph de Maistre, Veillot was the most uncompromising Ultramontane who ever played an active part in public life. His opinions are summed up in a sentence that has been attributed to him: "When the Liberals are masters we demand liberty from them, because that is their principle; and when we are masters we refuse it to them, because that is ours." In spite of the vehemence of his controversial style, Veillot was a writer of decided talent, and his "Mélanges" deserve to be read for the portraits they give of Guizot, Cousin, Villemain, Lacordaire, Montalembert, Emile de Girardin, Proudhon, Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and other leading figures of the period. His biography has been well written by his son, Eugène Veillot, and a fresh study of his career was published a couple of months ago by M. Tavernier, who acted as his secretary for several years.

## Reviews.

### THE POETRY OF SENSATIONS.

"Poems and Translations, 1750-1870." By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. (Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

It is a nice point whether the Oxford University Press is well advised in publishing, in the Oxford Series of Standard Authors, the work of poets whose writings have not yet entirely passed out of copyright. Remembering the fine scholarly editions of the texts of Keats and Shelley in the present series, one is disappointed by so incomplete an edition of Rossetti as this. Not that Rossetti wrote more wonderful things after 1870 than before it. If we miss from the volume "The White Ship" and some impressively passionate sonnets, we have "The Blessed Damozel" and "Troy Town" and "Jenny" and "The House of Life" in its original form; and it is with these that Rossetti assaulted the imagination of the Victorian Age most effectively, and compelled it to turn its eyes to beauty. That was Rossetti's great gift to his time—the gift of beauty, of beauty to be worshipped in the sacred hush of a temple. His work is not richer in the essentials of beauty than Browning's—it is not, indeed, nearly so rich; but, while Browning served beauty joyously, a god in a firmament of gods, Rossetti burned a lonely candle to it as to the only true god. To Browning, the temple of beauty was but a house in a living world; to Rossetti, the world outside the temple was, for the most part, a dead world. A poem like "Jenny" may seem to stand in vivid contradiction of this. But "Jenny" was an exceptional adventure into life, and hardly expresses the Rossetti that was a power in art and literature. Him we find best of all, perhaps, in "The Blessed Damozel," written when he was little more than a boy. And this is not surprising, for the arrogant love of beauty, out of which the æsthetic sort of art and literature has been born, is essentially a boy's love. Poets who are sick with this passion must either die young, like Keats, or survive merely to echo their lost youth, like Swinburne. They are splendid in youth, like Aucassin, whose swooning passion for Nicolette is symbolical of their almost painful desire of beauty. In "Hand and Soul," Rossetti tells us of Chiaro dell' Erma that "he would feel faint in sunsets and at the sight of stately persons." Keats's Odes express the same ecstasy of faintness, and Rossetti himself was obviously just a close Victorian counterpart of Chiaro. Even when he troubles about the soul—and he constantly troubles about it—he never seems to be able altogether to escape out of what may be called the higher sensationalism into genuine mysticism. His work is earth-born: it is rich in earthly desire. His multitudinous symbols were not wings to enable the soul to escape into a divine world of beauty. They were the playthings of a grown man, loved for their own beauty more than for any beauty they could help the spirit to reach.

One cannot avoid the conclusion that Rossetti belongs to the ornamental school of poetry. He writes more like a man who has gone into a library than like one who has gone out to Nature, and ornamentalism in poetry is simply the result of seeing life, not naturally, but through the colored glass of literature and the other arts. Rossetti was really the forerunner of all those artists and authors of recent times, who, in greater or less degree, looked on art as a weaving of patterns, an arrangement of wonderful words and sounds and colors. Pater in his early writings, William Morris, Oscar Wilde, and all those others who dreamed that it was the artist's province to enrich the world with beautiful furniture—for conduct itself seemed, in the philosophy of these writers, to aspire after the quality of tapestry—are, as it were, implicit in "The Blessed Damozel" and "Troy Town." It is not that Rossetti could command words like Pater or Wilde. His phrasing, if personal, is curiously empty of the graces. He often does achieve graces of phrase, of course; but some of his most haunting poems owe their power over us to their general pattern, and not to any persistent fine workmanship. How beautiful "Troy Town" is as a whole, for instance, and yet how lacking in beautiful verses! The poet was easily content in his choice of words who could leave a verse like—

"Venus looked on Helen's gift;  
(O Troy Town!)  
Looked and smiled with subtle drift,  
Saw the work of her heart's desire:—  
'There thou kneel'st for Love to lift!'  
(O Troy's down,  
Tall Troy's on fire!)"

Rossetti never wrote a poem which was fine throughout. There is nothing to correspond to "The Skylark" or the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" or "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came" in his work. The truth is he was not a great poet, because he was not a singer. He was capable of decorations in verse, but he was not capable of song. His sonnets, it may be argued, are more than decorations. But even they are heavy with beauty; they are never, as it were, light with beauty, as "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" is, or as "Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?" is. They have flagging pulses like desire itself, and are often weary before the fourteenth line. Only rarely do we get a last six lines like:—

"O love, my love! if I no more should see  
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,  
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—  
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope  
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,  
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?"

But, beautiful as this is, is not the imagery of the closing lines a little more deliberate than we are conscious of in the great work of the great singers? One never feels that the leaves and the winds in themselves were sufficiently full of meaning and delight for Rossetti. He loved them as pictorial properties—as a designer rather than a poet loves them. One often suspects that, in his use of the very mysteries of Christianity, he is intoxicated chiefly by the beauty of the designs by which the painters have expressed their vision of religion. His "Ave" is a praise of the beauty of art more than a praise of the beauty of divinity. In it we are told how, on the eve of the Annunciation,

"Far off the trees were as pale wands,  
Against the fervid sky: the sea  
Sighed further off eternally  
As human sorrow sighs in sleep."

The poem is less a hymn than a decorated theme. And yet there is a sincere vain-longing running through Rossetti's work that keeps it from being artificial or pretentious. This was no less real for being vague. His work is an attempt to satisfy his vain-longing with rites of words and color. He sought to bring peace to his soul by ritual without inquiring too closely what the meaning and purpose of the ritual were. When he was dying, he was anxious to see a confessor. "I can make nothing of Christianity," he said, "but I only want a confessor to give me absolution for my sins." That was typical of his attitude to life. He loved its ceremonies more—at least, more vividly—than he loved its soul. One is never done hearing about his demand for "fundamental brainwork" in art. But his own poetry is poor enough in brainwork. It is the poetry of one who, like Keats, hungered for a "life of sensations rather than of thoughts." It is the poetry of grief, of regret—the grief and regret of one who was a master of sensuous beauty, and who reveals sensuous beauty rather than any deeper secret even in touching spiritual themes. Poetry with him is a dyed and embroidered garment which weighs the spirit down rather than a magic robe, like Shelley's, which sets the spirit free. And yet he has had an immense influence on art and literature. He, far more than Keats or Swinburne, was the prophet of that ritualism which has been a dominant characteristic in modern poetry, whether it is the Pagan ritualism of Mr. Yeats or the Catholic ritualism of Francis Thompson. One need not believe that he was an important direct influence on either of these poets. But his work as poet and painter prepared the world for ritualism in literature. Of course, the medievalism of Scott and the decorative imagination of Keats were also partly responsible for the change in the literary atmosphere; but Rossetti was more distinctively a symbolist and ritualist than any other English man of letters of the same stature who lived in the early or middle part of the nineteenth century. People used to debate whether he was greater as a painter or as a poet, and he was not always sure himself. When, however, he said to Burne-Jones, in 1857: "If any man has any poetry in him, he should paint; for it has all been said and written, and they have scarcely begun to paint it," he gave clear evidence that painting, and



not poetry, was his shining world of adventure. He may be denounced for his bad drawing and twenty other faults as an artist; but it is his paintings which show him as a discoverer and a man of high genius. At the same time, how well he can paint little scenes in verse—and, for that matter, big scenes too—as in that note on Jenny's wanderings in the Haymarket:—

"Jenny, you know the city now.  
A child can tell the tale there, how  
Some things which are not yet enroll'd  
In market-lists are bought and sold,  
Even till the early Sunday light,  
When Saturday night is market-night  
Everywhere, be it dry or wet,  
And market-night in the Haymarket.  
Our learned London children know,  
Poor Jenny, all your pride and woe;  
Have seen your lifted silken skirt  
Advertise dainties through the dirt;  
Have seen your coach wheels splash rebuke  
On virtue; and have learned your look  
When wealth and health slipped past, you stare  
Along the streets alone, and there,  
Round the long park, across the bridge,  
The cold lamps at the pavement's edge  
Wind on together and apart,  
A fiery serpent for your heart."

In most of his poems, unfortunately, the design, as a whole, rambles. His imagination worked best when limited by the four sides of a canvas.

#### VINCENT DE PAUL.

"**Vincent de Paul: Priest and Philanthropist.**" By E. K. SANDERS. (Heath, Cranton, & Onseley. 16s. net.)

VINCENT DE PAUL is one of those figures who are recognised, by common consent, as too great for a particular calling, creed, or nation. We do not think of him as a priest, a Catholic, or a Frenchman, but as a saint; and, as such, the property of mankind. The writer of this very interesting and sympathetic study regards this as "the popular view." His aim is to go beyond it—to show that M. Vincent "was not chiefly a philanthropist"; that, though the philanthropist and the social reformer may claim him as a comrade, "it is not with them that he has community of thought"; and that "it is essential to remember his priesthood."

"He held the Catholic faith simply and sincerely; and he was a priest. From this it follows that external events, however sensational, did not affect him so deeply as the processes of his own interior development, and his vast undertakings were never so engrossing as to distract him from his lifelong endeavor after self-purification. . . . It is, after all, only a colorless semblance of M. Vincent that is familiar to pilgrims on the broad highway of social service. He may have power to inspire new endeavor and to deepen perseverance in those who have only partial knowledge of him, and it is certain that his name is revered by many who have no understanding of his true purposes; but, if we would find the real Vincent de Paul we must seek him on the steeps of Carmel; it is there only that we shall hear an echo of his message."

This is in complete accordance with Catholic doctrine, as laid down in the "Testem Benevolentiae" of Leo XIII., in which that Pope condemned what was known as Americanism; and it is unnecessary to follow up the subject on theological ground.

The Vincent de Paul of history is, no doubt, to be viewed from Mr. Sanders's standpoint. But each of us has a truer self than that of history—a self from which the setting of time and place and the limitations of personality drop away. And, perhaps, in the case of M. Vincent, "the popular view" sees this self more clearly—it is as a lover of his fellow-men, not as a priest or a seventeenth-century Frenchman, that he lives. This is so even where the priest and the Frenchman come uppermost. There is a husk, and there is a kernel; but it is less difficult than it seems to distinguish between the two. An example may be given. "Made-moiselle," said the saint to a lady of the Court, "you were not intended for the world"; and within three years, we are told, she entered the Carmelite Order. A reviewer, commenting on the incident, enlarges on the magnetic power of Catholicism and the virtue of the "religious" life. "Why, sir, what stuff is this!" as Johnson would have expressed it. The life of a Court lady under Anne of Austria was suitable neither for a Christian nor a rational being—the

same may be said of that of a society woman of our own day. Here General Booth would have been at one with M. Vincent; and, to take an authority as far as possible removed from either of them, Herbert Spencer would assuredly have been of the same mind. It is true that neither the General nor the philosopher would have suggested a Carmelite convent as a substitute; here M. Vincent's counsel (if his it was) bears a distinct time and place-mark. But, in itself, it was that of an intelligent and virtuous man, irrespective of creed.

The state of the French Church in the saint's time is a strange commentary on the Counter-Reformation; it is difficult to resist the impression that this movement, well staged as it was, was more superficial than is sometimes supposed. It is easy to set down reforms on paper; it is difficult to carry them into effect. In 1628 we find a bishop writing to M. Vincent of his diocese: "Qu'il y a presque 7,000 prêtres ivrognes ou impudiques qui montent tous les jours à l'autel." "The extent of evil conveyed in this short sentence is baffling to the imagination, but many contemporary records bear out the same impression," is the admission of so reluctant a witness as Mr. Sanders; and he adds that "the monasteries were centres of license and disorder; their superiors were appointed solely for mercenary reasons, and the idea of obedience had become an absurdity." Sainte-Beuve tells us of an abbess, the mother of twelve children, whom she brought up "selon la qualité du père"; M. Vincent barely succeeded in preventing the bishopric of Poitiers being conferred on a priest of good family who "was an *habitué* of the lowest haunts of the city, and so confirmed a drunkard that he was constantly picked up unconscious in the streets." The mother of the famous Cardinal de Retz found her confessor so ignorant that he could not recite the formula of absolution; on which she wrote it down for him, and required him to read it over her in future, which he did. M. Vincent's experience of these "little human miseries" may account for his low idea of the secular clergy. "The priests who live in the world," he said, "love their ease too much. They shirk work, and are always trying to collect benefices, their chief object being the satisfactions of this present life." And on another occasion, "it is the priests living as most of them live to-day, who are the greatest enemies of the Church of God."

In the light of the high standards of clerical obligation which he did so much to uphold and enforce, his association with de Retz is difficult to account for. The Coadjutor was an exceptionally corrupt man in an age of public and private corruption. But he was one of a family to which the Saint owed much; he was the enemy of that centre of evil influence, Mazarin; and, above all, he was a master of the arts of dissimulation. "I did not pretend to great devotion myself," he says, "because I knew I should not be able to keep it up; but I showed great esteem for the pious, and this, in their eyes, is one of the greatest points of piety." It would be impossible to put it more aptly, or with greater conciseness; he knew his world. Whether M. Vincent was deceived, or whether the "deep respect for rank," which his biographer notes as a prominent feature in his character, restrained him, is uncertain; the fact remains that, from first to last, he was a firm supporter of the Coadjutor, who made his ordination retreat at St. Lazare. The efficacy of these spiritual exercises may be judged by his own confession:—

"After six days of reflection, I chose to do wrong deliberately, which is incomparably most sinful in the sight of God, but also without doubt is wisest from a worldly point of view, because one may take precautions to cover it in part, and so avoid the unseasonable mingling of evil-doing with pious practice which in our profession is so dangerous an absurdity."

It is probable that the relations between the two men, while constituting, in his biographer's words, so great an anomaly as to cast a stigma on M. Vincent himself, are to be explained by the curious absence of anything like what would now be called public spirit, which distinguishes the Saint from a good man of our own day. Deference to authority is a sentiment peculiarly French and peculiarly Catholic; and it is a sentiment which has been, and can be, carried a great deal too far. It is impossible to describe the state of the galley slaves among whom he labored; the law itself ceased to operate for these unfortunate beings; when the term of their sentence was reached, there was no guarantee for the release of those whose services were still required. But the attitude of the Saint was passive—he neither pro-

tested nor agitated for reform. "As far as the process of the law was concerned," says Mr. Sanders, "Vincent de Paul did not effect any improvement in the position of the convict. It is well to admit this fact at the outset." He was, in his own phrase, afraid to encroach upon God's purposes; though there were many possibilities of service within his reach and within his capacity, he deliberately set them aside. His maxims for the priests of the Mission are significant in this connection:—

"1. It is not fitting for poor priests like us to interfere except in the things that concern our vocation.

"2. The business affairs of princes are mysteries which we should respect and not spy upon.

"3. Most people offend God by sitting in judgment on the affairs of others.

"4. The Son of God preserved silence on questions of politics."

This position of absolute quiescence is difficult, Mr. Sanders admits, to reconcile with the theory of the pure philanthropist. It is well for the world that the theory of the pure philanthropist has prevailed.

#### A NATURALIST IN WALES.

"Wild Life in Wales." By GEORGE BOLAM. (Frank Palmer. 10s. 6d. net.)

RABER, and sometimes not less fascinating, than literary art is the book that was meant to be a work of information, but has been transmuted by simplicity, honesty, thoroughness, and, above all, by true love of the matter in hand. This is such a book. Mr. Bolam has either never read Pater and Stevenson, or he has confined himself to enjoying them; for in one sentence he calls the polecat "fury personified," and says that when its hair is all on end with rage, "it appears to be about twice as large and formidable than it really is." Elsewhere, he tells us that the viper "did not used to be uncommon" at Borth. Worse still, he sometimes gets into the "Fairy Knowabit" vein, as thus:—

"It is not often, perhaps, that the schoolboy, when regarding the turquoise gems which he has rifled from such a nest, pauses to consider that their blue shells are, in chemical composition, almost identical with the grey limestone he is treading under foot, or with the black or white bone, or ivory, haft of his pocket-knife. Nay, more, that his sister's mother-o'-pearl brooch, &c. . . ."

He has a way, too, of breaking out into original and quoted verse about as good as the worst in "The Compleat Angler." And where did he read the lines:—

"Turkeys, carp, hops, pickerel, and beer,  
Came into England all in one year"?

Not in Walton. Not everyone will want to read about the dots on eggs usually undotted, and the weight and measurement, and date of capture, of his principal trout. But then the book—a slow, tranquil, and spacious one—has room for a hundred awkward or dull things. It can be begun at page 1, page 397, or anywhere between, and most pages will invite anyone who is neither a man in a hurry nor a pure aesthete to read more.

Mr. Bolam has a good subject, as we may be permitted to remark, seeing that he has written a good book on it; for his field is the mountain land about Llanuwchllyn, a village above Bala Lake in Merionethshire. Formerly, it is said, the fairies used to frequent the market at Bala, and though never seen, the noise they created was a sign that prices were going to rise. If the very markets of the county are frequented by fairies, what can be said of the mountains or rivers? Perhaps it is adequate and not too fanciful to say that they make the county worthy of its wild, lovely name. "Well inside half a mile's radius," in a glen near Llanuwchllyn, Mr. Bolam has found nests of the raven, peregrine, buzzard, merlin, and kestrel, and once or twice had them nearly all in view on the wing together. Here you may see threshing by flails—a very primitive kind of winnowing—and ploughing with the hand-plough, or *gwythio*, "a most antique implement, consisting of a long, naturally bent, wooden shaft, shod with a broad, shallow share, and having a cross-bar at the other end, against which the man pushes." The lake breeds a fish—the gwyniad—that is sweeter, said a lord, than the lips of the maids of Bala. Moreover, the mountain air is so potent that when natives see mangy foxes they believe them to be "imported animals,

which had come to the mountains from distant hunting countries to cure themselves of the malady."

The author is not a Merionethshire man, or a Welshman, but a very faithful visitor, who has behind him a considerable acquaintance with the North of England and the Scottish Highlands. His criticisms are few and mostly mild. The worst are his low opinion of the Welsh sheepdog's education and of fat pancakes, and they are more than balanced by his admiration for the singular rich markings of a local dragon-fly, and the statement that the Welsh keeper, in the matter of "vermin," is "much more sportsmanlike and less uncompromising" than the imported Highlander. With the people he comes in contact chiefly through birds and in relation to birds, and as the majority are keepers, it is not always a pleasant subject. The assassination of the peregrine and buzzard is not a pleasant thing, even if the birds really threatened moorland sport. As to the hen harrier, it survives only on the signboard of the inn at Llanuwchllyn, where it vaunts itself an eagle. Mr. Bolam tells us of a farmer cursing a keeper for shooting a crow that had nested in a certain tree forty years—he "would rather have lost all his ducks and chickens than had it killed. It had brought him luck in many ventures, but now he could not tell how things might go." But this crow had nearly the whole of both wings white. The people several times appear for the sake of their superstitions. There is a man, for example, who "had not had toothache for years, not since a gipsy woman, long ago, counselled him always to put the stocking on his left foot first in the morning"; and another predicts rain from the climbing or playing of a weasel, and recalls his father turning back from market to get his hay in on seeing a weasel frisking along a rail—rain followed.

Birds prevail in the book, not only over men, but over animals, insects, and fish. On the whole, Mr. Bolam is a just man. He is a sportsman himself, and pleases himself by thinking "what sport could be had with a pack of stoats, would someone only take the trouble of taming them!" That he is more than a sportsman is plain from his interest, his delight, in the actions of stoats, weasels, martens, and polecats. He likes birds, yet does not wish to exterminate farmers and sportsmen. It is with sorrow that he comes to the conclusion that starlings no longer deserve protection. When he sees the cormorant on a river he cannot help reflecting that it is hostile to the trout-fisher. As for the crow, he knows it almost "as if he loved it," but makes no attempt at canonisation. Of the long-eared owl and magpie, he takes the trouble to affirm that they are two of the best checks on wood-pigeons. The worst things in the book, from one point of view, are the photograph of a keeper's gibbet at the end, and the passage where he suggests that, if "sparrow pie" were fashionable, the plague might be checked, and tells us that the thrush tribe, especially the dipper, are good eating. On the other hand, with all that he knows of the sparrow-hawk, he saves a nest from the keeper by removing it bodily out of an exposed tree to a sheltered rock, and with success. Mr. Bolam, in fact, has an honest, if somewhat old-fashioned, love of birds. Though he belongs almost to the same class as the soldier who fraternised with Boers one day and shot them the next, he would probably be against certain kinds of shooting, if he were not instinctively against "nonsense." The several really beautiful things in the book could not have been written but by a lover. One is a picture of a heron flying over Llanuwchllyn, and suddenly altering its course and beginning to sail up in a spiral, so that Mr. Bolam hoped it had been alarmed by a falcon. He was not disappointed, when

"Far up above, a mere speck in the sky, another heron presently appeared, sailing round, and descending to meet its comrade. The second bird was so high that it seemed scarcely possible that any cry that had escaped it could have carried so far as to reach its companion's ear; at any rate, it was some considerable time before we were able to discern an answering *frank*; but as the birds approached one another their calls became more frequent, till, as they joined, they amounted to quite a mutual ovation. The two then circled round together, gradually rising, until, as mere dots against the blue sky, they disappeared away over the mountains."

Another good picture, and a crowded one, is that of the birds—wood-pigeons, stock-doves, and many other birds—arriving to roost at the rookery below Glan Llyn, and in particular the crows and their fatal excess of caution



(for a gamekeeper also was in hiding), and the sparrow-hawk and his bold and fortunate directness. The author's inconsistencies, compromises, or sane middle courses, are by no means against the book as reading matter. They fit in well with its spaciousness, length, variety, and lack of art; for they help to show us not a specialist, not a crank, not a naturalist, not a sportsman, but a man, a very natural and pleasing figure in a landscape at all hours, all seasons, all weathers.

### TINVILLE AND "THE TERROR."

**"The Public Prosecutor of the Terror: Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville."** Translated from the French of ALPHONSE DUNOYER by A. W. EVANS. (Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

FOQUIER-TINVILLE was forty-six years of age when, in 1792, he came to the front under the Commune. Some nine or ten years earlier he had been in pretty good practice as a lawyer in Paris, drawing his clients chiefly from the lower middle classes. He sold his business, for reasons unknown, and when appointed Public Prosecutor "he was engaged in doubtful affairs, leading a submerged existence in Paris." Briefly, Fouquier was one of the herd of undistinguished nobodies who, amid the surprises of the Revolution, found a dreadful notoriety:—

"Antoine Quentin Fouquier was a robust and strapping Picard, with large and strongly moulded neck and shoulders. His hair was dark and smooth, his forehead high, his face full and pitted with smallpox. He had a Roman nose and extremely arched and elevated eyebrows. His glance was keen, searching, disquieting, and very restless. Contemporaries, who witnessed his trial, said that he was moody, but a good fellow. Many agreed in declaring that he was of a terribly violent and passionate, even brutal, character—a true 'despot.'"

From the opening of the year II. (1793) the prisons and special prisons of Paris—there were at one time about forty of them—began to be filled with suspects of all degrees. Any private citizen could lodge an information, and the Public Prosecutor had authority to arrest, imprison, and bring to trial the accused. During the first period of his magistracy, says M. Dunoyer, Fouquier drew up his indictments conscientiously enough; but

"his pleadings for the prosecution fell upon the accused like the blows of a club. Moreover, he struck without discrimination all those who were pointed out to him, whatever the social class to which they belonged, and whatever their position, their origin, or their opinions."

Upon some of his indictments he expended both his fancy and his style. Marie Antoinette is compared with "the Messalinas, Brunehaut, Frédégonde, and Médicis, who were formerly described as Queens of France, and whose eternally odious names will not be effaced from the annals of history." Madame du Barry is "this Lais, famed for the licentiousness of her morals, the publicity and the display of her debauchery."

But Fouquier's powers increased; he grew fiercer in the discharge of them, more hasty and less scrupulous in the preparation of his cases. He came,

"quite naturally and by an implacable interpretation of the revolutionary laws, to symbolise Terror and Dismay, at first almost insensibly, and then in crescendo to the final butchery. We must not forget that if in thirteen months (from April, 1793, to the 22nd Prairial in the year II.) 1,259 victims mounted the scaffold; during the last forty-nine days of the Terror (from the 22nd Prairial to the 9th of Thermidor) 1,366 persons were guillotined as conspirators."

As the external situation of France grew more and more critical, and the struggling Government grew more alarmed, the staff of the revolutionary tribunal was augmented; and in the autumn of 1793 Terror was voted the order of the day. "We must search out our enemies in their dens," said Billaud-Varenne. "Night and day will hardly suffice to arrest them." Fouquier's tasks grew heavier, but we do not find him flinching; his diligence increased under pressure. He took a lodging close to the Palace of Justice, rose at dawn, and was in his office before the sittings opened. Hitherto he had been content to execute the law; now, with "business" flowing in upon him, he began, says M. Dunoyer, to play a personal part, to violate the judicial forms. He was shedding blood, and liked it. After the execution of Danton, it was felt necessary "to keep the public mind occupied, to set public opinion on the wrong track," to

pretend that conspiracies existed, and that the members of a patriotic tribunal were in danger of assassination.

In the spring of 1794, "a shudder of terror shook France to her foundations." The "batches," or wholesale trials, were beginning. "Persons accused of conspiracy will be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal from all quarters of the Republic." They were, and the signing of blank death warrants began, and, under Robespierre's law of Prairial (June, 1794), the privilege of defence was practically taken from prisoners at the bar:—

"In reality, there were to be no more preliminary investigations, no more examinations, no more pleadings. The accused were to be at the mercy of the jurors. And it is known what the jurors were. Furthermore, not only were the accused refused a hearing at the preliminary investigation before the trial, but they were not even to be examined at the public hearing of the case."

But the more "conspirators" were guillotined, the more there were of them! Fouquier, distracted and sleepless, was no longer able to draw up the indictments himself—he left them to his clerks. It was from about this period, therefore, that he started unconsciously to work towards his own undoing. In hurrying, slurring, and even falsifying the indictments of the unfortunates who were henceforth dealt with in the lump, he was indirectly building up his own indictment.

"He contented himself with signing his name at the bottom of each page, adding some words on the margin, or rectifying the text here and there. This is why we can prove to-day (his deputy Cambon did so at Fouquier's trial) that these indictments are full of spaces between the lines, erasures, unauthorised commitments, and blank spaces intended for the names of a greater number of victims, and that no trouble had been taken to cancel these. Names of accused persons had been added, in a strange hand, to the indictments after they were drawn up. It is enough to open some of the bundles of papers relating to the Tribunal for the period comprised between the 22nd Prairial and the 9th Thermidor to be convinced of all this."

The general rule was to serve the writs of indictment the evening before the trial; but it often happened that at 9 p.m. Fouquier's clerks did not even know the names of those who would be placed at the bar the following morning. The hearing began; the luckless prisoners had no one to speak for them, and no time to speak for themselves:—

"The President would ask a prisoner: 'Did you do such and such a thing?' On his negative or affirmative reply, the President would say: 'Next.' If the prisoner insisted, Dumas or Coffinhal shouted at him: 'You have no right to say any more.'"

There was the case of Comte de Fleury, imprisoned in the Luxembourg, who wrote to the browbeating President Dumas the famous letter denouncing his whole infamous tribunal. There was nothing else against him, and his case was not so much as investigated. Dumas had shown the Count's letter to Fouquier, saying: "Look here! read this *billet doux*. I believe this fine gentleman is in a hurry." "Yes," replied Fouquier, "and I am going to send for him." Comte de Fleury was thereupon fetched into court, and guillotined the same day. A certain Legris, registrar's clerk, was arrested at his house at five in the morning, and brought at seven to the Conciergerie. "At nine o'clock his writ of indictment was served on him; at ten o'clock he was in the dock before the Tribunal; at two o'clock he was no longer alive." Old and deaf ladies, who could not even hear their indictments, were condemned and guillotined; and an old blind man, in his second childhood, who had to be lifted into court, and had no idea where he was. After condemnation, he was placed in the tumbrel, still in utter ignorance of his situation; nor did he know in the least what was happening to him when he was being strapped down on the guillotine! Something like a Reign of Terror, this!

"To sum up: the Public Prosecutor, overworked and broken down, was no longer able to draw up his writs of indictment himself. He had them drawn up by his secretaries. Those documents no longer contained even the semblance of a proof. Entire families were sent to the guillotine. The motive? They had conspired. Where? When? How? There was no answer."

"Each evening Fouquier-Tinville arranged that 'batches' of accused should be put on trial next day. Quantities of documents were lacking. Mistakes as to persons were made, criminal, since there was but one penalty—the guillotine. So-and-so was charged in mistake for So-and-so, condemned in

mistake for So-and-so, guillotined for So-and-so. All this is easy to verify to-day. The documents exist among the Archives."

On these documents Fouquier's condemnation rests. With the swift and fierce reaction of Thermidor his day of reckoning came. For the agents of death under the Terror it was death under Thermidor. Robespierre went first. Dumas was arrested on the very judgment-seat of his own terrible tribunal. "Whom next, O Tinville!" Carlyle exclaims after the beheading of the Queen; and "next" at last was now Tinville himself. At the Conciergerie he had to be rescued from the infuriated prisoners who recognised him; and in a darkened cell he began, coolly enough, to write out his defence. On his journey to the scaffold, and as he "mounted to the theatre of death," the crowd flung at him, with a cruel wit, phrases adapted from those that had often fallen from his lips in court. "They are going to deprive you of the right to speak!" "In two minutes the pleadings come to an end!" "Is your conscience sufficiently enlightened?" As he was balanced beneath the triangle of the guillotine, "the people howled, and asked his head to be shown to them."

"I acted under orders. I obeyed my orders. I was the agent of the Committees of Government. What would you have done in my place?" This, sometimes quietly and sometimes in a hoarse or strident voice of despair, was the burden of Fouquier's defence. What can we answer for him to-day? asks M. Dunoyer. His specious defence was as clever and cunning as it could be; no lawyer on trial for his life ever defended himself more adroitly; and he could be fairly sure that but a moiety of the incriminating documents would be produced against him at the bar. These documents, however, escaped destruction, and they can be examined to-day, as M. Dunoyer has examined them. Fouquier's defence availed him nothing with his judges; and we now know that its basis was infinitely flimsier than it may have appeared to them. Counsel for the prosecution said to him:—

"No matter how imperious the Revolutionary laws were, you ought not to have added to their cruelty. You ought rather to have carried your head to the scaffold. I do not hold you responsible for the sentences, but I charge you with having transformed ordinary deeds into counter-revolutionary offences."

This (his last quotation) M. Dunoyer accepts. His cool and brilliant exposition of the whole case, the most impartial we have read, thus terminates in a fresh conviction. Far from attempting to whitewash Fouquier, M. Dunoyer, weighing his words and eschewing malice, has shown that whitewashing is out of the question. We are still compelled to be ashamed of Fouquier as one of the most voracious man-eaters of the Terror.

#### A TEPID ROMANCE.

**"The Romance of an Elderly Poet: A Hitherto Unknown Chapter in the Life of George Crabbe, revealed in his Ten Years' Correspondence with Elizabeth Charter, 1815-1825."** By A. M. BROADLEY and WALTER JERROLD. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE passion which a French critic recently described as "la furie de l'inédit" is far from being an ignoble rage, and Mr. A. M. Broadley's activities as a collector have enabled him to add some interesting foot-notes to the pages of literary biography. M. René Huchon's biography of Crabbe, an English translation of which was published a few years ago by Mr. Murray, owes a good deal to the manuscript materials in Mr. Broadley's possession. These have since been enriched by the correspondence with Miss Charter, additional pocket diaries of Crabbe, and other documents, and in the present volume we are given the story of the "romance" of the poet's declining years as told in these letters.

Romance is not, indeed, a word which one usually associates with Crabbe. A worthy old-fashioned clergyman, performing his daily round of duties with diligence but without enthusiasm, and methodically writing down the inspirations of his pedestrian muse, is the common view of his character. Thurlow, his rather ungraceful patron, thought him "as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen," and "a Pope in worsted stockings" was the verdict passed by "those sneering brothers, the vile Smiths." But a susceptibility to the charms of female society was no more checked by Crabbe's worsted stockings than by Cowper's

nightcap, and Canon Ainger has told us that "an old squire remarked to a friend in reference to the subject, 'Dammé, sir! the very first time Crabbe dined at my house he made love to my sister.'" Such prompt love-making would surprise us less in the case of the Rev. Laurence Sterne than in that of the Rev. George Crabbe, and we hasten to add that there is nothing in the mild romance unveiled by Mr. Broadley and Mr. Jerrold that might not be chronicled by what some of Crabbe's contemporaries used to describe as "the modesty of a female pen."

It began in 1815, and its first record is found in some "Lines from Mr. Crabbe on my asking him for an autograph to add to a collection" in Miss Elizabeth Charter's album. Crabbe had just exchanged the living of Muston in Leicestershire for that of Trowbridge in Wiltshire, and, though a widower of sixty-two, he seems not to have been altogether averse from a second matrimonial venture. At least, this was the opinion of Miss Charter's friends, and there are some other verses in the album which rally her on her conquest and interpret Crabbe's lines as a declaration. But it is not easy to justify this interpretation by anything to be found in the letters that followed. We only possess those written by Crabbe, and though he may have dallied with the notion that the friendship might some day give place to a still warmer emotion, the term flirting-by-correspondence, which the editors apply to the letters, is a thought too strong. They tell us something of Crabbe's loneliness in his Trowbridge parsonage, of his literary work, and of his occasional visits to London and elsewhere; but if there was anything that can be called flirtation in the intercourse, it was flirtation of the very mildest kind. Crabbe is often playful in his somewhat clumsy manner, but anything approaching an outpouring of passion is as absent from his correspondence as it is from his poetry.

Of Elizabeth Charter herself, little is known beyond that there is a tradition that she had received a proposal of marriage from Southey, that she was about thirty-four when she made Crabbe's acquaintance, and that she was "a very clever and well-educated woman, greatly loved by her relations." The editors also discern "a certain winsomeness and simplicity of character" in a letter which she wrote as an old woman in view of the near approach of death. Her influence upon Crabbe was, as far as we can gather, negligible. Another of his friends, Mrs. Leadbeater, wrote to him: "In thy partiality for female society I think I discern the resemblance to dear Cowper, our other moral poet, but enlivened by that flow of cheerfulness which he so sadly wanted." Unfortunately for the interest of the present volume, "our other moral poet" was an incomparably finer letter-writer. Crabbe was not gifted with the art of lending interest to trifles, and his descriptions of his growing infirmities end by being downright tiresome. At the same time the letters add something to our knowledge of his closing years, and this is supplemented by what the editors tell us about his surroundings and his friends as well as by their corrections of some slips made by his previous biographers. But the "romance" is a very tepid one, and we do not think the world would have been much the poorer had the correspondence never been made public.

#### SIX NOVELS THAT WOULD NEVER BE CENSORED.

**"The Flirt."** By BOOTH TARKINGTON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

**"Below Stairs."** By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Methuen. 6s.)

**"The Lodger."** By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Methuen. 6s.)

**"Lily Magic."** By MARY L. PENDERED. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

**"The Sale of Lady Daventry."** (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

**"The Old Time before Them."** By EDEN PHILLIPS. (Murray. 6s.)

THERE are, we suppose, a large number of readers of fiction who choose their novels, as women were once assured that clever men choose their wives, for their power to offer distraction rather than for intellectual companionship. There is not one out of the six works of fiction under discussion in this column that could ever become a real friend in the sense of being an intellectual equal, though, with one exception, they would make quite pleasant and companionable



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acquaintances, offering no problems to be solved, and assured at the outset of their career of the full approval of the circulating library.

The exception is "The Flirt," by Booth Tarkington, which, following rather an annoying innovation in book-making, is sent forth into the world in an outer paper cover, bearing an unattractive picture of the heroine, which is, fortunately, not reproduced on the permanent cover underneath. It also bears the words, "We all know the Flirt." But do we? If the title describes the kind of woman drawn in this very dull and unpleasing book, we do not know her in this country; and if she is entirely an American product—the story is laid in Capitol City, which betrays its nationality on the first page—her presence over there explains the exodus to this country of so many of her extremely different compatriots. No self-respecting woman with a sense of humor would, we imagine, want to stay in a society where the masculine standard of femininity is such as to make it possible for girls like Cora Madison to be tolerated, much less worshipped. But, as a matter of fact, neither Cora Madison nor the tribe of foolish young men who shoot themselves and commit other extravagances for love of her, could ever exist off the stage of musical comedy. She would, indeed, be quite a success in that queer, vulgar world where all human emotions are reduced to the measure of a chorus. In a novel she is a pretty bad failure.

The other five novels are of varying merit, but they all offer distraction pleasantly and, in some cases, even cleverly. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's study of a domestic servant's career before her marriage is extremely well done. She has chosen a delightful young country girl as her heroine, and has not subjected her to any very severe temptation in her rise from the status of general servant to that of parlormaid. So Priscilla Day comes safely through even her brief stay in the questionable household to which her former mistress's refusal of a character has driven her, and she ends in marrying the man she knew as a lad in her own village, which is precisely what numbers of domestic servants end in doing. Indeed, the keynote of "Below Stairs" is its extreme naturalness. The fact that it contains no very startling episode merely conveys the impression it is meant to convey—that Mrs. Sidgwick has chosen to depict the life of an ordinary, and not an exceptional, domestic servant. There is plenty of interest in the book, some good character-drawing, both of servants and mistresses, and some occasional humor.

In "The Lodger," Mrs. Belloc Lowndes employs a decidedly original method of using all the material of a detective story, in order to produce something which is not a detective story at all, but the psychological study of three people—the murderer, his landlady, and her husband. There are other people in the book, but they do not count, and are probably not meant to count; though we think Mrs. Lowndes has rather lost an opportunity in leaving Joe Chandler as a mere outline that might well have been filled in. Scotland Yard detective as he is, some explanation beyond his natural stupidity seems to be required of the utter indifference he displays towards the mysterious lodger in his old friend's house, who is, in reality, the quarry he is supposed to be hunting down. But the object of the book is to trace the effect upon one another of three middle-aged persons, all in possession of a grim secret, and each occupied in "bluffing" the two others. There is something Balzacian in the situation and in its treatment; and for about two-thirds of the book the interest is well-maintained, which in itself is an achievement, seeing that the reader comes into possession of the secret in the second chapter. That the remaining third of the story and its anti-climax should verge on boredom is not surprising; only a Balzac could have brought it off differently.

One could wish that Miss Pendered had attempted to stir deeper waters than she has touched in "Lily Magic," for she might easily have done so with her gift of humor and with the material at her command. The story of the young girl and her still younger brother, who defy convention and go to live alone in a country cottage, instead of accepting the offer of a home from their guardian, offers distinct possibilities, of which the author avails herself only to the extent of writing a very readable story. All the right things happen to the people in it, and at the end of it scarcely anybody is left unmarried, or unreconciled if already married when the story opens. There are hundreds of novel-readers, we know,

who prefer this sort of thing to something less superficial, less sickly sweet. But is not Miss Pendered too good a writer to spend herself over anything but the real lives of real men and women?

"The Sale of Lady Daventry" is one of the most unequal books we have read for a long time. The early part of the book, which explains the title (and the lurid picture of the lady on the cover—this time, alas! the permanent cover), is so melodramatic and impossible as to appeal only to the reader's sense of the ridiculous. But this, we take it, is not the effect meant to be produced by the author (who is anonymous); for when we ourselves persevered, and penetrated further than the earlier chapters, as we should advise all readers of this book to persevere, we were rewarded with a distinctly readable story, containing much promise for the future—if this is really the work of a new author, and not the sportive adventure of an established writer who wants to recapture the flavor of his first bid for fame. But it really does not matter who wrote it, for it is not by any means first-rate, and would not merit notice but for the astonishing manner in which the story improves and changes when Lady Daventry drops out of it, and when twins and other young people grow up and come to London in search of fame and husbands. The end, however, is like the beginning—sheer melodrama.

Some of the short stories in "The Old Time before Them" are not uninteresting; but it is not a striking collection, and the method of putting all the stories into the mouth of one or another of the men who meet to drink at the "Plume of Feathers" becomes monotonous. Mr. Eden Phillpotts aims neither at the short story which is a compressed long story, nor at the real short story which is like the French *conte*, but achieves something a little between the two, which will please neither the lover of novels nor the lover of short stories. He has, however, many admirers, who will probably have a gentle liking for this collection of tales, if only because the scene of them is laid in the Dartmoor he has already made familiar to them.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Pemba, the Spice Island of Zanzibar." By Captain J. E. E. CRASTER, R.E. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

PEMBA is an island off the African coast, between Mombasa and Zanzibar, chiefly deserving of interest for the fact that it produces about two-thirds of the clove supply of the world. It engaged Captain Craster's attention in January, 1911, when he was asked to make a survey of the island, and his book is a chronicle of this expedition, together with notes on the animals, insects, vegetation, and natives that came under his notice. It accordingly deals, to a large extent, with the technicalities of surveying and the difficulties encountered by the expedition; but there is plenty to make it worth perusal by the general reader. The natives seem to be even more indolent than other African tribes, and Captain Craster estimates that the yield of cloves could be doubled by greater attention to the trees. Climate, however, is a bar to the exploitation of the island by Europeans; and, apart from cloves, there is nothing to attract them, so that the present condition of affairs is likely to continue. In the meantime, those who care to read an account of one of our minor British Protectorates will find it agreeably set forth in Captain Craster's volume, which is not likely to find a successor for many years to come.

"The Court and the King, and other Studies." By MARGARET BENSON. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

MISS BENSON's reputation rests upon sure foundations, and though her latest volume of essays has, perhaps, a little less rarefied a perception of artistic values than in "Subject to Vanity" and "The Soul of a Cat," it abounds in examples of her peculiar style and insight. These sketches are all the offspring of a sojourn in North Africa, and their delicate shading and contours are admirably adjusted to an Oriental atmosphere. What we feel about the book, however, is that the style has become somewhat more self-conscious than it used to be; that it tends to be the embroidery rather than the garment of thought. In parts, indeed, it is open to the charge of a misty realisation of the impression



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People often say this because they believe fish contains much phosphorus, and they know phosphorus is absolutely necessary for the brain. Fish is, however, no better brain food than anything else, for, as that distinguished medical author, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, has written, "Fish is not rich in phosphorus."

That phosphorus is necessary for the brain is, however, incontestable. The grey matter of which it is, in part, composed, contains much of this substance, which is rapidly used up whenever we think, and we drain it away from the cells to meet the wear and tear of modern life.

If we are to keep well, this phosphorus must be restored as fast as it is used. If it is allowed to fall below a certain amount we suffer from nervous disorders with their many disquieting sensations—loss of memory, sleeplessness, irritable temper, constant fatigue, inability to concentrate the mind, &c.

## WHAT A DISTINGUISHED ANALYST SAYS.

The best food for this purpose is that of which that distinguished chemist, Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., &c., Medical Officer of Health and Public Analyst, Dublin, has written:—"Sanatogen is a substance of the highest nutritive value, containing a large amount, relatively speaking, of organic phosphorus—that is, phosphorus which is offered to the tissues in exactly the form in which it can be easily assimilated. It is an excellent nerve food."

Even when the nervous disorder extends to the extreme limit of nervous exhaustion or neurasthenia, so that the sufferer often desponds of his reason, Sanatogen can still supply enough revitalising phosphorus to restore the nervous tone and remove these symptoms. Dr. G. Quirico, physician to H.M. the Queen-Mother of Italy, writes: "I have used Sanatogen in several cases of neurasthenia, with the result that in every case the nervous symptoms were greatly diminished. I am convinced that Sanatogen is a valuable tonic food to restore lost strength."

## STATEMENT BY A MEMBER OF H.M. PRIVY COUNCIL.

Thousands of other physicians have written letters to the same effect to the manufacturers, and so have many distinguished men and women. Here is the statement of one of the most distinguished men in the country. The Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., a member of H.M. Privy Council, writes: "The Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin has taken Sanatogen frequently when he has felt overstrained under pressure of work. It appears to him to have been exceedingly useful, and he continues to take it whenever required."

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Sanatogen can be obtained of all Chemists, from 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d. per tin. Any reader suffering from nervous conditions should write to A. Wulff & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., who will send, free of charge, a sample of Sanatogen, with a Pamphlet, giving full particulars about it, if this paper is mentioned. Remember, in health matters delay is dangerous, and it is folly to suffer longer than is necessary.

T. S. C.

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"THE FREE-MAN'S WORSHIP." Prof. Pringle-Pattison.  
IMMORTALITY AND COMPETITION. Lord Ernest Hamilton.  
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "NON-EVIDENTIAL" MATERIAL IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. Charles E. Ozzanne.  
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on the one hand, and of preciosity on the other. Her vision and its embodiment, in fact, are apt to sacrifice their unity to purely pictorial effects. It is the Nemesis of the "aromatic" style, too deliberately distilled. For all that, Miss Benson's work is never shoddy or merely dithyrambic. Her workmanship is too conscientious and finely wrought to be a pastime and an exercise, and at times it reaches a spiritual intensity and significance which dispense with ornament. Her last story, and her best, "From the Bank of the River," is a subtle analysis of the flux and reflux of aspiration in the consciousness of a man oppressed with malady of body and soul. But the majority of her pictures in this volume do betray a purely decorative facility, exquisite of its kind, but below the higher reaches of art. Her fantasies are patterns skilfully worked into the material. Occasionally, they are a trifle over-emphatic, which is an error in an artist whose colors are usually so subdued and blended into each other.

### The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, October 3.	Price Friday morning, October 10.
Consols ... ..	73½	72½
Midland Deferred ... ..	72	70½
Mexican Railway Ordinary ... ..	50½	49
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896 ... ..	101½	98½xd
Union Pacific ... ..	163	158½
Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.) ... ..	91½	90½
Turkish Unified ... ..	86	86

#### "SHELL" NEW CAPITAL.

The "Shell" company has notified its shareholders of a proposed increase of its capital by an issue of 367,964 ordinary shares, to be offered to existing shares at the price of £3 6s. per share, in the proportion of one new share for each complete ten shares already held. "Shell" shares were quoted at 5½ at the beginning of this month, and fell slightly on the announcement. The rights of subscription were valued at 3s. 4½d., and the shares were quoted at 5 when marked "ex rights." The dividend for 1912 was 30 per cent., and the yield is therefore 6 per cent., which by itself is hardly enough to attract the speculative investor. Profits for the current year are likely to be larger, but when the new capital is taken into account, market speculators are not likely to go for a bigger dividend than 35 per cent. The investor who has dabbled in oils has probably had enough of the market, which may be said to consist of a few shares which are valued highly enough as investments, and a large number of pure gambles, which are dear at any price. A purchase of "Shells," however, ought to appeal to the motorist of big mileage, who wished to insure himself against a further rise in the price of fuel. Such an investment would be likely to turn out much more satisfactory than participation in any of the so-called co-operative schemes which are launched from time to time.

#### MOTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANIES.

The chief market for the shares of the leading motor-car companies is in Birmingham, because the Motor Share Market is much more the adjunct of the motor trade than the creation of London financiers. The Birmingham Market is often dealing excitedly in the particular shares, while not a bargain may be transacted in London, although the shares may have an official quotation. Birmingham is taking a "seasonal interest" in the shares just now, partly because the annual reports are appearing (and Birmingham seems to be well supplied with advance information as to their con-

tents), but also because of the forthcoming Motor Show, when manufacturers exhibit the wares they intend to sell for the next season, and the Share Market, being closely identified with the trade, is a fairly good judge of what is likely to prove a paying line. The rise in the fortunes of some companies has been remarkable, while others, though able to hold their own in the trade, cannot show financial results as good as one might expect. Last year's annual reports were mostly very good indeed, and several shares have risen very much, as compared with a year ago, as the following list proves:—

	Price, Sept. 30, 1912.	Present Price.	Div.	Yield. £ s. d.
Alldays & Onions (£23) ...	4 ...	3½ ...	10 ...	8 17 9
Belsize Motors ...	1½ ...	1 13-16 ...	10 ...	8 8 3
Birm. Small Arms ...	2 15-32 ...	2½ ...	15 ...	7 0 0
Darracq (A) Ord. ...	27-32 ...	15-16 ...	5½ ...	4 0 0
De Dion Bouton ...	½ ...	13-32 ...	6 ...	14 15 0
Humber Ord. ...	9-32 ...	½ ...	nil ...	—
Rolls Royce ...	2½ ...	2½ ...	20 ...	8 18 0
Rover ...	1½ ...	2½ ...	10 ...	3 9 6
Sunbeam ...	2½ ...	3 ...	25 ...	8 6 9
Triumph ...	3 ...	3½ ...	30 ...	7 14 6

The rise in Rovers is phenomenal, and is due to the successful emergence of the company from a period of making its way in the motor trade. Humbers rose after last year's report, when it was seen that the company had begun to earn profits again. The shares of the two French companies in the above list are not the shares of the manufacturing concerns, but of the English companies owning the rights for the sale of the French cars over here. Darracq shares have been very active just recently. Rolls Royce shares give a high yield, in spite of the company's sound position and the very high reputation of its product. The Triumph Company, which four years ago paid 10 per cent., is now earning a rate of profit more generally associated with successful gold mines than with industrials, solely as the result of its motor-cycle trade. The Birmingham Small Arms Company is the proprietor of the Daimler Company, and at Wednesday's meeting it was stated that the profits of that concern alone have amounted to £430,000 in the past three years, this sum in itself being £50,000 in excess of the total dividends distributed by the B.S.A. Company, irrespective of its other profits. Of course, the motor trade, as a whole, is bound to have its periods of depression, and a set-back in general prosperity would be likely to affect it; but the sound companies would suffer but little.

#### YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK.

The half-yearly report of the Yokohama Specie Bank for the period ending June 30th last shows gross profits of 21,089,243 yen, and expenses, interest, and all charges of 18,928,535 yen, leaving net profits of 2,160,708 yen, making 3,379,769 yen available for appropriation. After adding the balance of 1,219,061 yen brought forward, the sum of 350,000 is to be added to the reserve fund, raising it to 18,550,000 yen, and a dividend of 12 per cent. will absorb 1,800,000 yen, leaving 1,229,769 yen to be carried forward.

#### LUCELLUM.

Of Mutual Assurance Offices, the London Life Association, Ltd., occupies a high place. It earns a good rate of interest on its funds, and has an expense ratio far below the average. The current issue of "Whitaker's Almanack" gives the rate of interest at £4 3s. 8d. net, and the expenses at 4.1 per cent.—the lowest percentage of any office.

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SIXTY-SEVENTH REPORT OF  
**THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED**

(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO).

Presented to the Shareholders at the HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING, held at the Head Office,  
Yokohama, on Wednesday, 10th September, 1913.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED .. Yen 48,000,000 | CAPITAL PAID UP .. Yen 30,000,000 | RESERVE FUND .. Yen 18,550,000.

PRESIDENT.—KESAROKU MIZUMACHI, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENT.—JUNNOSUKE INOUE, Esq.

DIRECTORS.—JUNNOSUKE INOUE, Esq.

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San Francisco, Shanghai, Tientsin, Tientsin, Tokio.

HEAD OFFICE—YOKOHAMA.

## TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and of the Profit and  
Loss Account for the half-year ended June 30th, 1913.The Gross Profits of the Bank for the past half-year, including Yen 1,219,061.19 brought forward from last Account, amount to Yen  
22,308,304.56, of which Yen 18,928,535.60 have been deducted for Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills Current, Bad and Doubtful  
Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 3,379,768.96 for appropriation.The Directors now propose that Yen 350,000.00 be added to the Reserve Fund, and recommend a Dividend at the rate of Twelve  
per Cent. per Annum, which will absorb Yen 1,800,000.00.

The Balance, Yen 1,229,768.96, will be carried forward to the credit of next Account.

Head Office, Yokohama, September 10th, 1913.

KESAROKU MIZUMACHI, Chairman.

June 30th, 1913.

LIABILITIES.		BALANCE SHEET.		ASSETS.	
	Y.		Y.		Y.
Capital (paid up) ..	30,000,000.00	Cash Account—			
Reserve Funds ..	18,200,000.00	In Hand ..	23,320,976.84		
Reserve for Doubtful Debts ..	850,288.57	At Bankers ..	11,007,172.43	34,228,149.27	
Notes in Circulation ..	6,720,315.30	Investments in Public Securities ..		21,878,414.07	
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.) ..	205,700,933.32	Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c. ..		113,772,357.02	
Bills Payable, Bills Re-discounted, Acceptances, and		Bills Receivable and other Sums due to			
other Sums due by the Bank ..	132,660,497.27	the Bank ..		219,833,610.55	
Dividends Unclaimed ..	7,548.77	Bullion and Foreign Money ..		3,852,358.94	
Amount brought forward from last Account ..	1,219,061.19	Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.		3,954,460.34	
Net Profit for the past Half-year ..	2,160,707.77				
	Yen 397,519,350.19				Yen 397,519,350.19

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Y.		Y.
To Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills		By Balance brought forward December 31st, 1912 ..	1,219,061.19
Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers		By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending	
and Clerks, &c. ..	18,928,535.60	June 30th, 1913 ..	21,089,243.37
To Reserve Fund ..	350,000.00		
To Dividend—			
Yen 6.00 per Old Share for 240,000 Shares ..	1,800,000.00		
Yen 1.50 per New Share for 240,000 Shares ..			
To Balance carried forward to next Account ..	1,229,768.96		
	Yen 22,308,304.56		Yen 22,308,304.56

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, comparing them with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the  
Branches and Agencies, and have found them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also  
those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and have found them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.YASUNORI ASADA, } AUDITORS.  
TAMIZO WAKAO, }**The Best Nightcap.**Before retiring take a cup of the "ALLENBURYS" DIET which  
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P. J. HARTOG, Academic Registrar.

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